

Here you may See an Honest FACE, Arm'd against ENUY and DISGRACE; Who Lives Respected still in SPITE D Of THOSE that Punishs them & WRITE. W. Sherwin SoulpPri

Hudibras Redivivus:

OR A 9. 8.75

Burlesque POEM

ONTHE

TIMES.

In Two VOLUMES.

The Third Edition.

To which is added

An Apology, and some other Improvements throughout the Whole,

By the Author, EDWARD WARD, Gent.

L O N D O N;

Printed for George Saubridge, at the Three Flower-de-Luces in Little Evitain. MDCCXV.

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Academia Cantabrigiensis Liber.

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PREFACE.

HO' I have made bold to borrow a Title from one of the best Poems that ever was publish'd in the English Tongue, yet I would not have the World expect me such a Wizard, as to be able to conjure up the Spirit of the inimitable Butler, who has left behind him too noble an Original for the greatest Hand now living to exactly copy. Therefore, I hope, after an bumble Acknowledgment of his unparalell'd Performances, and my own weak Endeavours to remind the World of them, no Body will condemn me barely for couching a Design in the like Nature under the same Title, since the Inveteracy of over-zealous Partizans, and the present Violence of a Head-strong Faction, give the like Opportunity for the like Chastisement. Besides, it has ever been thought allowable in the most critical Ages, for the most deficient Painters to improve their Hands by copying the best Originals of the greatest Masters.

Sober Methods by wife Men, have been already put in Practice, to scourge the Follies of the Age, but to little Purpose: For the Genius of the Nation is so far corrupted by the licentious Off-springs of over-heated Brains, that nothing will go down, but a Parcel of scandalous Invectives and calumniating Libels, only scatter'd thro' the Kingdom

with

with a malicious Design of widening our Breaches, and blowing up the Heart-burnings of a mis-judging People, poyson'd already in their Principles to a Pitch of open Rebellion. So that grave Advice, or Pastoral Correction, is of no more Benefit to our Modern Furioso's, than good Physick to an obstinate Patient, that's resolv'd never to take Therefore, tho' I am too sensible of my Want of Butler's Pen, yet I have presum'd to borrow something of his Method; and since serious Reproof is of no Efficacy, have taken upon me to shew the Heat and Madness of our pious Incendiaries after a jesting Manner. So that if any Body is angry at any one Passage, I hope they may be pleased with another; for I have always found such Satyr to be most acceptable, that tickles as it burts; and that if People must be cut for the Simples, they will chuse to fall under the Edge of such an Instrument as carries Balsom at the Back of it, that in Case the Incision be made deep, there may be something ready to heal the Wound, that it may not gangrene.

I shall not say any thing as to the Particulars of the Design, which I question not but will be intelligible enough without a Clavis, only that I intend (with Submission to Robbin Hog, and the two Guild-Hall Giants) to publish it

Monthly, if I am not disappointed.

So Farewel.

APOLOGY

Added to the Second Edition.

F the Fanaticks, Diffenters, Moderators, Whigs, Low-Church-men, Saints, Reformers, or whatfoever new Denomination they are pleas'd to rank themselves under, the better to disguise their old base Principles, as well as Practices; should, thro' their great Zeal to the Interest of their Party, think it a Hardship upon the several Tribes, to have some of their obliterated Villanies trump'd up a-fresh, in such a pious Age too, when the wonderful Effects of their pretended Reformation, has made it fo very difficult for an honest Man to distinguish a howling Wolf, from a true Shepherd, or a modern Saint, from a Knavish Hypocrite; I desire they would accept of the following Reasons, as a short Apology why I have taken upon me to expose some of their old Madness. Folly, Perfidy, and Cruelty, as well as their present Craft.

The first Reason that induc'd me at this Time of Day to such a hazardous Undertaking, was, their evident Endeavours to impose great Hardships upon all good Men, who, out of a Principle of Conscience, stood boldly up to invalidate those groundless and malicious Calumnies, which a Parcel of hireling Scribes, by the Dis-

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An APOLOGY.

fenters Instigation, made it their daily Business to fix upon the Church, of which I own my self a Member.

Secondly, Their holy Cheats and pious Subtilties, which from Time to Time they have so apparently us'd to accomplish those base Ends, that so evidently tend to the Injury of the Publick, and the Scandal of the Christian Religion, of which, too many of 'em were ne-

ver more than Pharifaical Profesfors.

Thirdly, That the World in due Season might be put in Mind what a Generation of Vipers the Generality of these over-zealous Puritans, both are, and have been, that unwary Persons, under the Tenderness of Moderation, might not be deluded by the pretended Sanctity of those Hypocrites, who always make it a Rule in their unchristian Politicks, to paliate their greatest Villanies, with external Holiness.

Lastly, That their holy Flatteries, salse Calumnies, religious Frauds, and rebellious Insinuations, might not pass current without some Detection, least we should be surprized too early with the ill Consequences thereof, which ought to be every honest Man's Care to endeavour to prevent, least, if their subtile Designs should take Effect, a

Remedy should be found difficult.

These are the chief Motives that first put me upon the following Task; and if I am blameable therein, I hope it will still prove an Error on the right Side.

So Farewel

Hudibras

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part I. Vol. I.

CANTO I.

Were zealous to promote Divisions,
And warm Disputes Ecclesiastick
Bred foreign Wars and Jars Domestick;
That Conscience, under no Restriction,
Became a perfect Contradiction,
And only serv'd to make Men squabble,
When maudlin round a Tavern-Table.
'Twas then our restless, hot-brain'd Nation,
Instam'd by too much Toleration,

Was grown, (as knowing Heads conceive her) So mad with a malignant Fever, That few Men had a fafe Protection Against the prevalent Infection, Which spar'd no State, but from the Noble, Descended to the Lords the Rabble; Who, of the two, are much the greater, As 'tis affirm'd by Observator. For furely those that can at Pleasure Make Kings, and give them Pow'r and Treasure, By Nature's Law much higher stand, Than those made Great at second Hand. However, all, both big and little, Down from the Palace to the Spittle, As well the Merry as the Serious, Touch'd with this Plague, grew so delirious, That e'en the maddest of Mankind Believ'd he had the foundest Mind. 'Tis often found, that Men distracted, With their own Whims are fo affected,

That though they rave, and hoop, and hollow, In Thought they're wifer than Apollo, Conceiting all Non compos Mentis, That will not think them in their Senses. Just so it proves, when Common-Weal Is fcorch'd and craz'd with fiery Zeal; Which feldom shines, but does appear Like Comet, Whale, or Blazing Star, Only to let us understand, That some great Evil is at hand. When this ill Omen shew'd its Face Thro' all the Land in e'ery Place, And, by its powerful Influences, Had captivated most Mens Senses, So that they stagger'd in their Faith, And reel'd beside the common Path: Steering their Course to Heav'n at Random

The shallow Quicksets of the Law,

For Want of Fences to withstand 'em:

No Zealot valu'd of a Straw,

But mounted o'er them at no Rate, Like Hunters o'er a five-barr'd Gate, For if we rightly understand, No Man can be by Law restrain'd From perpetrating any Ill, That he is mov'd to by his Will. For Laws, alas, can do no more, Than punish, when the Mischief's o'er; And that's but almost like my Host, Who Stable shuts when Steed is loft. And if the Saints their Force can stay, Or turn their Edge another Way, Much better they had ne'er been made, Than so perverted or delay'd. Tho' Laws are good, we needs must own: Yet misapply'd, they're worse than none. The Parish-Clock that guides the People, Tho' just as e'er was put in Steeple; Yet if the Sexton condescends To fet it wrong for his own Ends,

The Knave, by his deceitful Crime, Cheats the whole Parish in their Time. So Laws may be well instituted, Yet if not truly executed, Iustice must be prevaricated, And Innocence be wrack'd and baited. For if we fee by Reason's Eye The Hand of Justice point awry, We're in a Wood when Knaves grow crafty, And know not how to fleer with Safety. Thus Laws, for want of Execution, Spoil every Nation's Constitution, Let loofe the Frape to shew their Folly, And fourn at all that's good and holy. When Men thus strangely lost their Wits, And roar'd and rav'd like Bedlamites, Each Zealot's Purity confifting In bitter Words, and fometimes fifting, As if they thought ill Language glorious, And hot-brain'd Quarrels meritorious:

Or that they shew'd their faving Grace, By giving the first Slap o'th' Face: And witness'd their Divine Perfections, By handy-Cuffs and Maledictions. When these, the Sons of Knipperdoling, Let all their Senses run a woolling, I found my Genius much inclin'd T' observe the Humours of Mankind. With that I stopp'd, look'd round about, And gaz'd upon the hair-brain'd Rout, Who govern'd by no Laws or Tenets, Mov'd Retrograde like Crabs or Planets. Some to the Coffee-house would be running, In order to improve their Cunning, And from contending Zealot's Passions, To learn Religious Disputations. Others devoutly bent, would chuse To go to Church to hear the News:

For you must know frange Things in Pulpits

Are told, to please the list'ning dull Pates,

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I do not mean about their Faith,
Or Guidance into Heaven's Path:
For now 'tis every Blockhead's Pride
To grope the Way without his Guide,
Because 'tis wisely understood
There may be many Ways to th' Wood;
Or else the Folks behind the Curtain
Would ne'er allow but one, that's certain.
The Good Old Cause went rarely on,
When Men brim-full of Zeal thus run
To hear a sanctify'd Curmudgeon
In Pulpit talk of Great Prince Eugene,
And give to him the Honour due
To one much braver of the two.

Thus when our pious English Nation
Are in Post-haste for Reformation,
They always by some new-sound Way
Put their wild Projects into Play;
That is, from good old Rules to vary,
And act by Methods quite contrary.

Their Guides, those fanctify'd Projectors, Turn Sermons into Gazette-Lectures; Which makes fome Saints Low-Teachers chuse Not for their Doctrine, but their News. But when they're in a Fit of Zeal, Their wounded Consciences they heal With Ninny-Broth, o'er which they feek Some new Religion ev'ry Week: For he that will oblige the Throng, Must ne'er hold one Opinion long, But turn his Doctrine and his Creed As often as the Cause has need: Or he that leaves them in the Lurch, And will not change to fave his Church, Must never on that Church rely, Or hope to fave himfelf thereby: Their Priests damn all that are not hearty To th' Int'rest of themselves and Party. The Paths which some good Saints pursue, Seem strange, altho' they may be true,

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And are so crooked and so dirty,

A Man would think not one in thirty

That thro' so dark a Road do travel,

Should find St. Peter, but the Devil.

Some freer their Course with much Content Tow'rds Heav'n, by Act of Parliament; And chuse some Way unknown, because Encourag'd to't by wholfome Laws: For fure, fay they, no Christian Patr'ots Would ever make fuch wicked Statutes, That Conscience should have Toleration To run full Tilt upon Damnation. And fince there is a Law in Play That gives us leave to chuse our Way, They've granted what Heav'ns Laws deny, Or elfe we cannot tread awry; Therefore all Worship right must be, Or else a purblind Fool may see They're wrong to yield fuch Liberty. Some, of a Self-will'd, thwarting Nature,

And will no other Way be bleft, Than that which he approves on best: His Doctrine they devoutly read, Thence from their Conscience and their Creed; And if these Saints can run astray, The Dev'l himself must lead the Way. If these poor Souls are left I'th' Lurch, What must those do that go to Church? Others with zealous Labour scan The pious Works of Prophet Dan, In Hopes, that thro' his Merits, they May steal to Heav'n the shortest Way. If Persecution be a Sign, The Cause is e'er the more Divine, And open Punishment can be A Mark of Christian Purity; Then Dan may eafily fet forth His pious Excellence and Worth, And prove his Sufferings and Expence By Hierogliphick Evidence.

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What though his Witness, by Relation, Is but of odious Reputation? However, should the Court think fit, Like him, we're bound to stand by it. But no Man can a Truth gain-fay, That is as obvious as the Day. Tis plain, the mildest of our Laws Made him a Suff rer for the Cause; Yet all, we fee, can't ftop his Mouth, He'll stand and fall, and lie by Truth; And shews, by daily Perseverance, He fcorns to flinch from his Adherents. What thin-jaw'd Fury can be blam'd, Or Trumpeter of News asham'd, To pin their Int'rest and Belief On fuch a hardy Prophet's Sleeve, Who boldly, Martyr-like, disdains Fines, rotten Eggs, or Brewers Grains; And, by his Suff'rings and his Buftles, Gains Credit, like fuch fham Apostles?

I jogg'd along the crowding Sodom; When jostl'd, wish'd the Devil had 'em. At last I popp'd upon a Place, Where Saints had been receiving Grace; And tho' their Pastor long had stood To feed his Lambs with Heav'nly Food, I vow (whate'er could be the Matter) The scabby Flock look ne'er the fatter, But stood in Swarms before the Hive, Like Winter-Bees, that could not thrive; Yet buzz'd and humm'd, as if the Crew Were all confulting what to do. At last, as the the Fools were frighted, With Voices hideously united, They made a fearful Acclamation, And loudly cry'd up Moderation. The Sound foon eccho'd through the City, Who added to their mournful Ditty. No wicked Popish Restitution Of Dagon's dreadful Perfecution.

Beware; we fay, beware, good People, The threat'ning Dragon of Bow-Steeple; Behold his proud aspiring Wings, His griping Talons, and his Stings, That iffue from his Arfe and Mouth, To persecute the Lambs of Truth. Come one and all, let's stand the Test, And pull down the Ephefian Beaft, Who cocks his Tail, and bids Defiance, And never yet would shew Compliance, Or bow his Head from his high Turret, To listen to the Holy Spirit. Down with the Babylonian Figure, That Emblem of the Church's Rigour. Now, now's the Time; stand to't, my Boys, Ne'er fear the drowfy Cob-web Laws, But lend a Shoulder to the Cause: For if we now should lose our Aim, Twould prove our everlasting Shame; We never more must hope to see So fair an Opportunity.

With that, they cry'd out all and one,
And so away the Rebels run,
With twenty ragged Hawkers a'ter,
Bawling th' Review and Observator.

Eless me, thought I, has Hell and Fury A Back-door into our Old Fury? Now Satan's wild Geese fly at Random, What Laws are able to withstand 'em? Or who, except by Force, are able To tame a frantick head-strong Rabble? So Blood-hounds, when the Scent lies warm, With threat'ning Yelps the Stag alarm, Whose Horns cannot his Life defend, Lest the kind Hunts-man stands his Friend: Therefore when once you Church-men fee, The Game they hunt in Jeopardy, Make speedy Haste to shew good Nature, Call off the Dogs, and fave the Creature. 'Tis strange, this fiery Frape, thought I, Should thus for Moderation cry,

When ev'ry thin-jaw'd Fury seems

A Composition of Extreams,

And looks as if his Skin was full

Of Malice, from the Toe to th' Skull;

And had no more an Inclination

To use that Vertue, Moderation,

Than a true Scotch-man has to chew

Fat Bacon, or a Toad to Rue.

As I was lift'ning almost scar'd,
At this unusual Noise I heard,
A grave old Don stepp'd cross a Puddle,
And passing by me, shook his Noddle.
Thought I, thou ha'st a cunning Pate
Beneath that broad Umbrella-Hat,
And do'st discern with Eagles Eyes,
The Plot this Clamour's to disguise:
With that, I tugg'd him by the Sleeve;
Then crying, Father, by your leave.
I bluntly ask'd him the Occasion
Of all this Cry of Moderation.

At first old Surly look'd as urgent, As if he took me for a Serjeant; But foon perceiving his Mistake, He cough'd, and then began to speak: Young Man, fays he, you'll quickly find, That all this Noise is but a Blind: Mind me, and I'll relate a Fable Alluding to the hair-brain'd Rabble. A subtle Fox pursu'd a Hare, And all the while, he cry'd, Forbear; Pray fear not him that means no Harm, I only run to keep me warm. The filly Hare not much afraid, Believing what the Fox had said, Having good Law, sat down to rest her; But soon she saw the Fox run faster: With that, she starting from her Place, Betook her self to her old Pace. Hold, hold, crys Reynard, why so fast? You'll surfeit, if you make such Haste:

A mod'rate Pace is best indeed; The greater Hurry, the worft Speed. No, no, crys Puss, for all your Cunning, I see 'tis time to mend my Running; I find you only want to reach me, You'd serve me finely, shou'd you catch me; But Satisfy your greedy Paunch, Tour Month shall never kiss my Haunch. So he that is an Enemy, And does for Moderation cry, Hopes that you'll exercise the Virtue, And give him better room to hurt you. Is that, faid I, the cunning End on't? Aye, aye, fays he, you may depend on't; For pious Cheats ne'er want Invention To palliate any vile Intention. Your humble Servant, worthy Grandfire, Thank you, faid I, for this kind Answer, Wherein you've been thus open-hearted. Farewel, said he; and so we parted.

I trudg'd along as fast, Cotzooks, As Porter with a Billet Deux, Or Penny-Post-Man with his Letters, To overtake these Moderators: But all the Grumbletonian Throng Did with fuch Violence rush along, That by their Hurry, one might fee Their Deeds and Words did not agree. For me they posted on too fast, I was not in fuch wond'rous Hafte; But left them in their Heat and Passion, Furiously crying up Moderation. So expert Divers call aloud, Pray mind your Pockets, to the Crowd; And by fuch fubtile glav'ring Means, Prevent Distrust of their Designs: But if your Eyes a'n't quick of Motion, They'll play the Rogue, that gave the Caution

CANTO II.

'ing greatly troubl'd and amuz'd To fee old London thus confus'd, In Hopes to ease my Melancholy, I strol'd among the Bibliopole, Where Pamphlets lay in Shops and Stalls, Pil'd up as thick as Stones in Paul's: Columns of Scandal reach'd the Ceiling, Contriv'd by Knaves for Fools to deal in. Well may the World, thought I, be mad, Since Scribling's fuch a thriving Trade, That twenty thousand Cut-throat Libels Shall fell, before a Score of Bibles; And Low-Church Satyrs move much faster, Than Sermons by a High-Church-Pastor. The Policy, I must confess, Is far beyond my Reason's Guess, That fuch Press-Freedom is allow'd To cozen and corrupt the Crowd,

Lest they design the restless Elves Full Rope enough to hang themselves; Or else, like Toads, (as some have seen 'em) Swell 'till they burst with their own Venom. I musing stood a while, at last, Turn'd o'er the Wild-fire, as I past, Found some with fanctify'd Intent T' unhinge and ruffle Government; Others, to draw unwary People To the Low-Church that wears no Steeple, Infinuating, that the High Beyond all Moderation fly, And, that her Members were no more Than Sons o'th' Babylonian Whore: But 'twas to me no great Surprize, That Whiggish Saints should preve so wife To print, as well as preach their Lies. The Reason's plain, to all Appearance, Why Dwarfs and Giants live at Variance. Low Things, by Nature, can't compleatly Agree with what is high and stately: .

The little Mouse does Malice vent,
When it beholds the Elephant:
Each crooked Dumplin shews her Hate
To the fair Lass more tall and straight:
Dowdy to Beauty, thus compar'd,
Will think her own Misfortune's hard,
And, with a deep Resentment, see
More plain her own Deformity.
Why then should any Mortal wonder,
Why those are angry, that are under,
Since all Things in a grov'ling State,
Will envy what is high and great?

Next, I beheld Lampoons and Satyrs, To vilify our Legislators, And make those slighted and neglected, By whom we chiefly are protected. This Practice fure, thought I, is naught, That thin-skull'd Peasants should be taught To hold that Power in Disdain, That only can our Rights maintain. Tis strange we should withdraw Respect From those our very selves elect; We must be Blockheads first to chuse 'em, Or very Rascals to abuse 'em: For he that thinks with Scandal's Dart, To wound a Magistrate a-part From his Authority, declares By th' gross Affront, he little cares For th' Pow'r or Dignity he bears.

No Sance-box, fure, by way of Farce, Will bid his Pastor kiss his A-fe, That thinks he's under an Injunction To shew much Rev'rence to his Function: Therefore, whoever vents his Froth Against the one, despises both. 'Tis true, in cruel Times, long fince, When Rebels quarrell'd with their Prince And Truth was quite discountenanc'd, A nice Distinction was advanc'd Betwixt those two united Things. The Person, and the Pow'r of Kings: But when they were at Distance set, Behold the fad fucceeding Fate; A nicer Diff'rence then they made Betwixt the Body and the Head. Thus could not prop their first Position, Until they'd made their last Division, ... And prov'd too plainly what they meant, By Dint of Ax, not Argument.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Second.

Thumb'd o'er many factious Reams
Of canting Lies, and Poets Dreams,
All stuff'd as full of Low-Church Manners,
As e'er was Salters-Hall with Sinners.
Amongst the rest, the Mob's Prophet-a;
I found oft chang'd to a Poet-a.
No Shame to versifying Brother,
Since one's deriv'd of Old from t'other.
Therefore all Scriblers ought to know it's
No Crime for Prophets to be Poets;

Especially when Want of Sense Must be supply'd with Impudence, And Malice, Scandal, and ill Nature, Pass with dull Fools for Wit and Satyr. For he whose Brains are not defective, May find in ev'ry tag'd Invective, Hard Words are foften'd by their Chiming And Railing best agrees with Riming: For bare-fac'd Scandal writ in Profe, Too much of th' Author's Malice shows, When the most fulsome of Abuses Of canting Last and P Shall be thought witty from the Muses. All fluff'd as full of Lon-Courch M. The Name of Poem, or of Satyr, a things in the same of the Gives Umbrage to a Man's ill Nature; And makes most Readers think he writ I found oft chang'd to a Post-a. Not to his Envy shew, but Wit. Most or a valid in a Booker,

When I had almost spent my Vitals

Therefore all Scribbers ought to know at it would be stated and scribbers of the section of

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In which might eafily be feet al odw string well as went start The Drift of all contain'd within sed derend deill as bad aA Bs Moor-fields Conjurers can fee, acgral neinocile Heat slighed By th' Art of Phisiognomy, Wille the Organic Infa the And think it Popish. Tike the Organical Phisiognomy, which is the control of the contro Whether we're Wise-men, Fools, or Asses, Ay th' Lines and Features of our Faces. At last I pitch'd, as Chance would have it, Upon a High-Church Book, God fave it, And that undaunted Hand that gave it: For fure it cannot be a Crime To pray (altho' it be in Rime) For those that lay before our Eyes and The stilling that The Treach'ry of our Enemies. If Praying be a Fault, alas! We Authors of the Riming! Class on amound was among and a (As most believe) so rarely use it, That when we do, they may excuse it: For Pray'rs, we know, agree much better in an insmo? With thriving Profe, than flarving Metre:

That makes Low Saints, who hate all Riming, As bad as High-Church Bells, when Chiming; Despise the Heliconian Jargon, And think it Popish, like the Organ; Except some Brother-Saint, in Spite Of God Apollo, dares to write, And, breaking thro' his facred Laws, Jingle in Favour of their Cause: Yet, tho' it is their hum drum Fashion To hate all Musical Precation, They love an elevated Voice, That's exquisite at Tone and Noise, And do their Pray'rs much louder hollow, Than we fing Ballads to Apollo, That others may become most ample Hypocrites from their loud Example: Yet, tho' in Praying they surpass us, Sometimes with Satyr, when they cross us, We make 'em curse old Mount Parnassus.

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I, eager to behold the Book
That made the Whigs so crabbed look,
Bate down to view the Nation's Case,
Stated, as some think, by his Grace.
I mean not him by th' River's Side,
Who learns from thence, (if not bely'd)
To turn according to the Tide;
But one deserving our Esteem,
Who dares to strive against the Stream,
And to inform a misled Nation,
Speak Truth, altho' it's out of Fashion.

At first I mus'd upon the Title,
Then sate me down, and read a little;
Where Mighty Persons did I see
Drawn into strange bad Company;
And gallant Ladies, and fine Lords,
apann'd with black and shining Words.
Ome, who had true old Faith declin'd,
And with new factious Upstarts join'd,

Espousing.

Were made full low as low could be:

I do not mean in Purse or Station,

But Honour, Justice, Reputation.

Those three maintain'd by very few,

To th' Hazard of the other two.

No Wonder, since that Men of State,

Without such Gugaws can be Great;

And Sycophants, that scorn such Baubles,

Can rise from Nothing to be N—s.

Blind Fortune's Wheel, we must allow,
Runs strangely round, we know not how:
For secret Pleasures done the Donor,
Of those kind Favours, Wealth and Honour,
In Royal Eyes seem meritorious,
And often raise Men to be Glorious:
For Services there are sometimes,
That once disclos'd, are constru'd Crimes;

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Such that oblige us whilst conceal'd,

But lose their Merit when reveal'd.

Therefore, when 'tis a Prince's Pleasure

That Flatt'rers shall pursoin their Treasure,

'Till they have scrap'd huge Sums together,

And climb'd alost, the Lord knows whither;

How should the Crowd expect to know

Why this Man's High, or t'other Low!

Why publick Merit's priz'd so little,

And private P——s swell big with Title!

How occult Service Favour draws,

Is difficult to learn, because

The Grace by G—d's Vicegerent's shown,

Proves very often like his own:

It passes Human Understanding;

Who 'njoys it, need not fear offending.

For Earthly Kings, like Gods protect,

With saving Grace, their own Elect;

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Set them upright, whene'er they stumble, In Spite of those that grin and grumble.

I read, was pleas'd, found little Harm in't For Truth has got a fecret Charm in't. What, tho' 'twas mix'd with some ill Nature; Without, it would have prov'd no Satyr; Nor could the one have made fuch Pother, Had it not larded been with t'other: For he that writes in fuch an Age, When Parties do for Pow'r engage, Ought to chuse one Side for the Right, And then, with all his Wit and Spite, Blacken and vex the Opposite. If his Muse breathes no Gall or Hate, The Fools won't nibble at the Bait: For one Side's never truly pleas'd, But when the other's vex'd and teaz'd. Therefore, whoever handles Quill, Must rail, or he'd as good fit still;

No Matter whether false or true,

Take Pattern by D— F—'s Review;

Let it be Scandal, and 'twill do;

For the Low-Church, by that alone,

Gains twenty Owles, to t'other's one.

Scurrility's a useful Trick,

Approv'd by the most Politick.

Fling Dirt enough, and some will stick.

Scandal's the only Cut-throat Talent
To arm a scribbling Assailant,
And when us'd skilfully and slighly,
Prevails against a Party highly;
And is a sure infernal Knack
To make the brightest Cause look black.
No bridge-fall'n Nose upon a Face,
Can be more plain than is the Case;
For Fools that make the greatest Number,
And are of Human Race, the Lumber,

Are taught to swallow hurtful Lies,
To keep their Faith in Exercise,
That they the better may give Credit,
When Stratagems of State shall need it:
For could the People grow so wise,
As to reject all Falsities,
And credit no Man's Pen or Mouth,
But what should speak or write the Truth,
T—sg—g-Days, within this N—n,
Would not be half so much in Fashion;
For all those Deeds that make a Bluster,
Set off with so much artful Lustre,
Would in a little Time become
Dull as the Fables of Tom Thumb.

The Low-Church, that disdains a Steple,

Must preach new Doctrine to their People:

Yet, should there be allow'd no Teaching,

But Truth, I doubt 'twould spoil their Preaching.

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Should fuch good Times befal this Land,
That Truth should get the upper Hand;
What would those Low-Church Champions do,
The Observator and Review?
For could their Talent be forsaken,
And they write Truth to save their Bacon;
The wiser Sort would still deceive 'em,
And none but Blockheads, sure, believe 'em;
Because a common Lyar's Mouth
Is even scandalous to Truth;
And Malice, when it's once detected,
Always makes Evidence suspected.

Now to the Bugbear Book again,
That puts the Whigs in so much Pain:
I conn'd o'er all this famous Piece,
That so disturb'd old Calvin's Geese;
And all the Fault they can insist on,
Is, it's too true to make a Jest on.

As for my part, I must confess, It is, if I may've Leave to guess, An honest High-Church Book of Merit, Tho' written with a Low-Church Spirit: That here and there a sharp Reflexion May seem to some, ill-natur'd Fiction, Tho' true beyond all Contradiction. So that to me this Tell-troth Book Does like a High-Church Bishop look, Difguis'd in a Geneva-Cloak: For who, that knew not Trufty's Face, Would judge him honest by his Dress, Since the worst K-ves that Earth can bear, The very fame Apparel wear? However, 'tis no Shame to use A Weapon which our Foes first chuse, Or to return, when once affaulted, That Dirt with which we first were paulted. Therefore our Champion's in the Right on't, To make so bold a Hompush Fight on't ;

B

T

And to our restless Foes chastife, With their own Cudgels, all but Lies : Such Ammunition, 'tis agreed on, An honest Cause has seldom Need on; But can with Truth it felf defend, Which always conquers in the End; That makes our L-n, as they call it, Knock down our Foes, like any Mallet: For always, when the Truth appears, The lying Faction hang their Ears, And cannot for their Lives, we fee, Withstand the Force of Verity; But like to Snails, draw in their Horns, When naked Truth but grins and turns, So whist'ling Curs, that hate a bigger, At Mastiff's Heels will shew their Vigor; But when he turns, they dread his Pow'r, And, frighted at his Aspect, scow'r; Or else wag Tail, submit, and fawn, And tarry to be pis'd upon.

nd

Thus W—gs, in Time of Toleration,

Bark at the Justice of the Nation:

But when th' unbridl'd Laws, with Scorn,

One persecuting Look return,

Curbing their Tongues, they cease to grumble,

And all subscribe, Tour very Humble.

Having spent so much precious Time
In High-Church Prose, and Low Church Rime,
'Till my Brains almost were consounded
Betwixt the Cavalier and Roundhead;
My Fancy spurr'd me to be jogging
To th' Flask, the Flaggon, or the Noggin:
So I rais'd Bum from Turky-Leather,
To strole I did not well know whither;
Leaving whole Piles of Whiggish Nonsense,
To be directed by my own Sense.

CANTO

T

CANTO III.

Had not long, on City Stones, Bestirr'd my Stumps and Marrow-bones, But Robin H-g came grunting by me As fast, as if he strove to fly me. Thought I, here's some high Wind Abroad, That blows, I fear, but little Good. The grizly Boar is hunting round, To fee what Windfals may be found. He looks as if he ran in hope This Storm would make the Acorns drop. At last I saw him very plain Follow his Nose up Fetter-Lane. Observing that, thinks I, for certain There's some Intrigue behind the Curtain, Manag'd aloft for some by Ends, To persecute the Church's Friends: For the' our factious Foes first draw, Yet, when we push, they take the Law.

So bully'ng Cowards oft, we see,
Provoke a generous Enemy,
Who, when he takes just Satisfaction,
The ill-tongu'd Scoundrel brings his Action.

I shook my Head. Thought I, 'tis hard The Church can't stand upon her Guard; But those who always meant to harm her, Shall thus be fuffer'd to difarm her. Patience, faid I; now R—d is Knighted, Sure some Folks will be clearer fighted: Ne'er fear but we shall change our Station, For Semper Idem's out of Fashion. I've heard a good old Proverb fay, That e'ery Dog has got his Day: Therefore, be cheerful, do not mourn, The low'rmost Spoke must upwards turn; And when it does the only Skill Will be to make the Wheel stand still,

Or else to human Sense 'tis plain,
In Turn, it must go down again:
For Wheels, like Women, change their Ground,
T' obey the Pow'r that works them round,
Only they move by diff'rent Forces;
One's turn'd by Men, the other Horses.

Being much concern'd to see Things go thus,

I stept into a Ninny-Broth House,
In Hopes to better understand

What Low-Church Project was in Hand

To bring that Party to Consussion,
That rescu'd them from Persecution.

Ent'ring, I saw quite round a Table,
An ill-look'd thin-jaw'd, Calves-head, Rabble,
All stigmatiz'd with Looks like Jews,
Each arm'd with half a Sheet of News:
Some sucking Smoak from Indian Fuel,
And others sipping Turky Gruel;

Or

Still searching after something new
In Nob, the Gazette, or Review.

Sometimes they smil'd, as if well pleas'd,
Then by and by look'd vex'd and teaz'd,
Alt'ring their sublunary Looks

According as they lik'd their Books.

At the low'r End o' th' Table, fate

Some High-Church Brethren, in a Chat,

Concern'd, as I suppose, to spy

The High-Church low, and Low-Church high.

Before them, in great Order, lay

The News authentick for the Day,

Mix'd with some High-Church Vindications

Against false Whiggish Defamations;

The Mercury, so much abhorr'd

By lofty Whigs, that rule the Board;

And the Rebearsal, whose keen Satyr

So closely shav'd the Observator;

And when he'd shewn how bald and bare He was of Sense, instead of Hair, He left him to his Cuckow Tone, Laugh'd at by all, and lik'd by none.

'Twixt both the Parties I fate down; Did neither dare to smile or frown, Left one should, by my Looks, discover I was a better Friend to th' other: For if a Man foresees a Squabble 'Twixt adverse Parties at a Table, Tho' he's determin'd of one Side, True Policy will bid him kide His Conscience, 'till the Battel's try'd; And when it's over, he that's crafty Will chuse the strongest Side for Safety: Before, a Man may be mistaken, And 'ftead of faving, lose his Bacon: For when vain Hopes and jealous Fears Set Fools together by the Ears,

And Justice must be scann'd by Fight,
The Cause that conquers is the Right.
Then who would shew he was a Lover
Of either, 'till the Danger's over?
Since he who takes the other Way,
Comes safely in at best o'th' Lay.

I scarce had fill'd a Pipe of Sot-weed,
And by the Candle made it Hot-weed,
But one of the Dissenting Crew
Began aloud with the Review,
And read it with a Grace becoming

A Low-Church Teacher, when he's drumming
Upon his Cusheon to his Humming,
To cust his blundering Oration
Into the Ears of 's Congregation:
For if their Fist a'n't reconcil'd
To their dull Tone, the Sermon's spoil'd;
For Gesture is the Life and Glory
Of Nonsense preach'd for Oratory:

Like Fidlers, they must keep their Time,
As sure as Poets do their Rime.
Tone, Words, and Actions must agree,
Or else they spoil their Harmony.

All was observ'd with wond'rous Care

By our Whig Libel Lecturer:

For when he came to th' Author's Letters,

From Tackers sent, or their Abettors,

As he pretends, wherein they threaten,

He shall (as he deserves) be beaten

For being sawcy in's Review,

To those he never saw or knew.

When this forg'd Tale the Zealot read,

He foam'd at Mouth, and shook his Head,

And did a Tone more frightful use,

Than those that cry sad bloody News.

Bless me, thought I, sure he that's wise, Can see thro' these transparent Lies. These poor thin tiffany Projections, Contriv'd to heighten our Distractions, And gull the Crowd at their Elections: For who, thought he, will give their Votes For Men that threaten to cut Throats, And use such ruffainly Correction To me, the Prop of all their Faction, That dares, in Spigte of Truth or Laws, Defend with Lies the good old Caufe, In Hopes the Magazine of Pow'r May Church and Monarchy devour, That Rebels may furmount the Throne, And pull the Church establish'd down; And facred Rogues in Judgment fit, To tread all Order under Feet. Could we but thus inflame the Mob, To bring about this happy Jobb, Then hey for me and Brother Nob.

But this will spoil the forg'd Device Of his Epistolary Lies. How will he prove these fright'ning Letters, From Tackers came, or their Abettors? And not from some dear zealous Friends, To ferve their painful Prophet's Ends? Or that the same Hand did not give 'em To th' Penny Post, that did receive 'em? I doubt, should we inspect the Matter, The Author of the true-born Satyr Would prove the Scribe, or the Dictator. So the Jilt, courted by a Cully, Imploys her felf, or elfe her Bully, To, with Love Letters, daily woo her In Great Mens Names directed to her; Which to her Spark the Doxy shows, At which he raves, and jealous grows; And that he may alone fecure The Prize, he proves the kinder to her.

Such Stratagems are often us'd, That easy Fools may be abus'd.

So, if the Truth was to be known,
And these strange tacking Letters shown,
They'd surely prove the Prophet's own;
Or else a Pack of Low-Church Lies,
Sent from his Friends by his Advice,
To falsely blacken those with Crimes,
That dare be just i'th' worst of Times,
When subtle Knaves, in Consultation,
And Fools, thro' false Insinuation,
Unite, to sacrifice the Nation.

No fooner was this Libel read,

And gently down before 'em laid,

To fhew how courteous and respective

They were to a Low-Church Invective;

But a High-Church-man, in Derision,

Faces them, and in Opposition

Reads out P. liticus Mercurius.

Excuse me, that the Muses force

The Cart to stand before the Horse,

Because it will be so sometimes

With us that sumble for our Rimes;

Nay, Reason must in Verse give Ground,

Upon a Pinch, to empty Sound,

Or else those Points we shew our Art in,

Must often go untag'd for certain.

This Member of the High-Church Body
At Loyal News being very ready,
Run o'er the Merc'ry so compleatly,
Read it s' emphatically neatly,
That all the Saints within the Hearing,
Some listening, and others leering,
Seem'd as much vex'd and discontented,
As if the Church had circumvented

To

V

Those pious Frauds we daily see
Manag'd thro' that Hypocrify,
Occasional Conformity.

At last, with Malice in their Faces,
They frowning started from their Places,
All moving Brother next to Brother,
Like Wild Geese, after one another.
Thus do they sly where e'er they find
Bright Truth with solid Reason join'd.

So Owls and Bats abhor the Light Superior to their feeble Sight; And for some dim Reflexion, shun a The perfect Glories of the Sun.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Second.

Thumb'd o'er many factious Reams
Of canting Lies, and Poets Dreams,
All stuff'd as full of Low-Church Manners,
As e'er was Salters-Hall with Sinners.
Amongst the rest, the Mob's Prophet-a;
I found oft chang'd to a Poet-a.
No Shame to versifying Brother,
Since one's deriv'd of Old from t'other.
Therefore all Scriblers ought to know it's
No Crime for Prophets to be Poets;

Especially

Especially when Want of Sense Must be supply'd with Impudence, And Malice, Scandal, and ill Nature, Pass with dull Fools for Wit and Satyr. For he whose Brains are not defective, May find in ev'ry tag'd Invective, Hard Words are foften'd by their Chiming, And Railing belt agrees with Riming: For bare-fac'd Scandal writ in Profe, Too much of th' Author's Malice shows, When the most fulsome of Abuses Shall be thought witty from the Muses. The Name of Poem, or of Satyr, Gives Umbrage to a Man's ill Nature; And makes most Readers think he writ Te of Speada ito basel I Not to his Envy shew, but Wit.

When I had almost spent my Vitals In chiefly turning over Titles, In

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In which might eafily be feened odw stries wo I seelen toil The Drift of all contain'd within; in Drud Albert an bad an Bs Moor-fields Conjurers can fee, in the Lucinoville ent Signal By th' Art of Phisiognomy, and all a filled the bride bride Whether we're Wise-men, Fools, or Asses, Ay th' Lines and Features of our Faces. At last I pitch'd, as Chance would have it, Upon a High-Church Book, God fave it, And that undaunted Hand that gave it: all Mutical French For fure it cannot be a Crime To pray (altho' it be in Rime) For those that lay before our Eyes as an an an all layers The Treach'ry of our Enemies. If Praying be a Fault, alas! We Authors of the Riming Class of the Authors of the Riming Class (As most believe) so rarely use it, That when we do, they may excuse it: For Pray'rs, we know, agree much better With thriving Profe, than flarving Metre:

That makes Low Saints, who hate all Riming, As bad as High-Church Bells, when Chiming; Despise the Heliconian Jargon, And think it Popish, like the Organ; Except fome Brother-Saint, in Spite Of God Apollo, dares to write, And, breaking thro' his facred Laws, Jingle in Favour of their Cause : Yet, tho' it is their hum drum Fashion To hate all Musical Precation, They love an elevated Voice, That's exquisite at Tone and Noise. And do their Pray'rs much louder hollow, Than we fing Ballads to Apollo, That others may become most ample Hypocrites from their loud Example: Yet, tho' in Praying they surpass us, Sometimes with Satyr, when they cross us, We make 'em curse old Mount Parnassus.

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I, eager to behold the Book
That made the Whigs so crabbed look,
Sate down to view the Nation's Case,
Stated, as some think, by his Grace.
I mean not him by th' River's Side,
Who learns from thence, (if not bely'd)
To turn according to the Tide;
But one deserving our Esteem,
Who dares to strive against the Stream,
And to inform a misled Nation,
Speak Truth, altho' it's out of Fashion.

At first I mus'd upon the Title,
Then sate me down, and read a little;
Where Mighty Persons did I see
Drawn into strange bad Company;
And gallant Ladies, and fine Lords,
Japann'd with black and shining Words.
Some, who had true old Faith declin'd,
And with new factious Upstarts join'd,

Espousing

Blind Fortune's Wheel, we must allow,
Runs strangely round, we know not how:
For secret Pleasures done the Donor,
Of those kind Favours, Wealth and Honour,
In Royal Eyes seem meritorious,
And often raise Men to be Glorious:
For Services there are sometimes,
That once disclos'd, are constru'd Crimes;

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Such that oblige us whilft conceal'd,

But lose their Merit when reveal'd.

Therefore, when 'tis a Prince's Pleasure

That Flatt'rers shall pursoin their Treasure,

'Till they have scrap'd huge Sums together,

And climb'd alost, the Lord knows whither;

How should the Crowd expect to know

Why this Man's High, or t'other Low?

Why publick Merit's priz'd so little,

And private P——s swell big with Title?

How occult Service Favour draws,

Is difficult to learn, because

The Grace by G—d's Vicegerent's shown,

Proves very often like his own:

It passes Human Understanding;

Who 'njoys it, need not fear offending.

For Earthly Kings, like Gods protect,

With saving Grace, their own Elect;

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Set them upright, whene'er they stumble, In Spite of those that grin and grumble.

I read, was pleas'd, found little Harm in't; For Truth has got a fecret Charm in't. What, tho' twas mix'd with fome ill Nature; Without, it would have prov'd no Satyr; Nor could the one have made fuch Pother, Had it not larded been with t'other: For he that writes in fuch an Age. When Parties do for Pow'r engage, Ought to chuse one Side for the Right, And then, with all his Wit and Spite, Blacken and vex the Opposite. If his Muse breathes no Gall or Hate, I said no to you sover! The Fools won't nibble at the Bait! The half around ashen to For one Side's never truly pleas'd, and for the state of the But when the other's vex'd and teaz'd. Therefore, whoever handles Quill, Must rail, or he'd as good fit still;

No Matter whether false or true,

Take Pattern by D— F—'s Review;

Let it be Scandal, and 'twill do;

For the Low-Church, by that alone,

Gains twenty Owles, to t'other's one.

Scurrility's a useful Trick,

Approv'd by the most Politick.

Fling Dirt enough, and some will stick.

Scandal's the only Cut-throat Talent

To arm a scribbling Assailant,

And when us'd skilfully and slighly,

Prevails against a Party highly;

And is a sure infernal Knack

To make the brightest Cause look black.

No bridge-fall'n Nose upon a Face;

Can be more plain than is the Case;

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Bless me, thought I, sure he that's wise, Can see thro' these transparent Lies. These poor thin tiffany Projections, Contriv'd to heighten our Distractions, And gull the Crowd at their Elections: For who, thought he, will give their Votes For Men that threaten to cut Throats. And use such ruffainly Correction To me, the Prop of all their Faction, That dares, in Spigte of Truth or Laws, Defend with Lies the good old Caufe, In Hopes the Magazine of Pow'r May Church and Monarchy devour, That Rebels may furmount the Throne, And pull the Church establish'd down; And facred Rogues in Judgment fit, To tread all Order under Feet. Could we but thus inflame the Mob, To bring about this happy Jobb, Then hey for me and Brother Nob.

But this will spoil the forg'd Device Of his Epistolary Lies.

How will he prove these fright ning Letters, From Tackers came, or their Abettors? And not from some dear zealous Friends, To ferve their painful Prophet's Ends? Or that the same Hand did not give 'em To th' Penny Post, that did receive 'em? I doubt, should we inspect the Matter, The Author of the true-born Satyr Would prove the Scribe, or the Dictator. So the Jilt, courted by a Cully, Imploys her felf, or elfe her Bully, To, with Love Letters, daily woo her In Great Mens Names directed to her; Which to her Spark the Doxy flows, At which he raves, and jealous grows; And that he may alone secure The Prize, he proves the kinder to her.

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Such Stratagems are often us'd, That easy Fools may be abus'd,

So, if the Truth was to be known,
And these strange tacking Letters shown,
They'd surely prove the Prophet's own;
Or else a Pack of Low-Church Lies,
Sent from his Friends by his Advice,
To falsely blacken those with Crimes,
That dare be just i'th' worst of Times,
When subtle Knaves, in Consultation,
And Fools, thro' false Insinuation,
Unite, to sacrifice the Nation.

No fooner was this Libel read,
And gently down before 'em laid,
To shew how courteous and respective
They were to a Low-Church Invective;
But a High-Church-man, in Derision,
Faces them, and in Opposition

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M

Reads out Politicus Mercurius.

Excuse me, that the Muses force

The Cart to stand before the Horse,

Because it will be so sometimes

With us that sumble for our Rimes;

Nay, Reason must in Verse give Ground,

Upon a Pinch, to empty Sound,

Or else those Points we shew our Art in,

Must often go untag'd for certain.

This Member of the High-Church Body
At Loyal News being very ready,
Run o'er the Merc'ry so compleatly,
Read it s' emphatically neatly,
That all the Saints within the Hearing,
Some listening, and others leering,
Seem'd as much vex'd and discontented,
As if the Church had circumvented

Those pious Frauds we daily see

Manag'd thro' that Hypocrify,

Occasional Conformity.

At last, with Malice in their Faces,

They frowning started from their Places,

All moving Brother next to Brother,

Like Wild Geese, after one another.

Thus do they siy where e'er they find

Bright Truth with solid Reason join'd.

So Owls and Bats abhor the Light Superior to their feeble Sight; And for some dim Reflexion, shun The perfect Glories of the Sun.

FINIS.

Ituae y Leatingero

Hudibras Redivivus, &cc.

Part the Third.

CANTO IV.

Where Knaves and Fools preach Moderation,

And with that modifh Cant, disguise

Their Spite, their Venom, and their Lies;

From whence, each Man of Sense may find

The Cobweb-Vertue is design'd

Only for Faction, to betray

The Crowd into a sinful Way,

And make them tamely, in the End,

Give up that Church they should defend.

So he that would a Mansbeguile,

Will talk devoutly all the while,

In Hopes the Bubble may believe him
Too good a Christian to deceive him;
By which fair Means he gains the Pow'r,
To wrong the easy Fool the more.

I had not long in open Street, Been punishing my Corny Feet, But creeping by the Side of Paul's, Where Sinners flock to fave their Souls, I met a Pillar of the Church, Just stepping out of Holy Porch, Wrapp'd up in Rev'rend Gown and Cassock, Looking as grave as Father Isaac. Long painful Study, Age, and Cares, Adorn'd his Head with Silver Hairs; Kept warm within a Cap of Sattin, With Wisdom lin'd, as well as Latin; Whose humble Mein, and awful Face, Were to his facred Robes a Grace; And when he spoke, his Language shew'd He was not only Grave, but Good.

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A faithful and a vertuous Guide, Whose Conscience had for Years been try'd: One who abhor'd Prevarication, And all the Cant of Moderation; But was a Christian Shepherd fully, Who exercis'd his Vertues duly, Not mod'rate Whiggishly, bat truly. With equal Gladness did we meet, And kindly one another greet. When we had ended that old Strain Of How d'ye do, and do again? Into Saint Paul's we took a Walk, T' enjoy a little farther Talk: For what on Earth can be more fweet, Than for two loving Friends to meet, Who, e'er they did the Truth discover, Thought themselves Miles from one another? After we'd talk'd about the Craft That rais'd the canting Tribe aloft,

And equally express'd our Wonder,

To see the Church turn'd strangely under,

At such a Time, when her Desender,

Altho' she's of the F——le Gender,

Does Tooth and Nail so nobly stand

By th' ancient Glories of the Land,

And with the Church walk Hand in Hand;

That Church, for which she spoke so warmly,

And ever since stood by so firmly.

My Friend in Sorrow shook his Head,

Then strok'd his Rev'rend Beard, and said,

Fair Speeches are a Prince's Talent;

But then, crys he, Quid Verba valent?

'Tis hard sometimes by Words to find

The true Intention of the Mind;

Actions alone interpret best

The Meanings of a R——1 Breast;

And when at any Time we see

Their Words and Actions disagree,

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The latter we believe their Choice, The former but an airy Voice. Besides, he only is indeed My Friend, that ferves me in my Need; But if he then shall suffer me To want, and aid my Enemy, A bare Acquaintance fo unkind, A Man had better lose, than find. I must confess I would not trust My Father, was he fo unjust; Nor can I credit fuch a Brother, That fays one Thing, and does another. But, Rev'rend Doctor, pray, faid I, May not a mod'rate Man comply With the establish'd Church o' th' Nation, And thither go to feek Salvation, Yet be allow'd to vote and stickle For those that run to Conventicle? Cannot he shew, without Evasion, That modish Vertue, Moderation,

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And keep in Charity with those, He knows to be the Church's Foes? Our Charity, the Guide replies, We ought to shew to Enemies; Without which Manly Christian Grace, Mercy it felf could have no Place: But 'tis not Charity, or Vertue, To strengthen those that mean to hurt you, Or to advance the Reputation Of fuch a vip'rous Congregation, Who aim, thro' Envy, Pride, and Hate, To overthrow both Church and State, And bring that Faith into Disdain, By which we hope to rife again; And confonant to facred Story, Ascend to everlasting Glory. No, no; fuch canting Moderation Is wicked, base Prevarication: All upright Christians must accuse it, No Church-man can with Safety use it,

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But he must lend a helping Hand To facrifice his native Land, And bring that Church to Defolation, On which depends his own Salvation. Pray, Sir, faid I, what think you then Of fuch a mod'rate Race of Men, Who entertain the Low-Church Notion, "t use the Church with great Devotion; But shew in Words, and ev'ry Action, They fide with the diffenting Faction? Says he, fuch Men of whom you fpeak, Are very Knaves, or very weak: The former use the Church, like those Who do their wicked Minds dispose To rob a House, and that they may The Fam'ly with more Ease betray, One takes therein a Room or two, As the Low-Church-man does his Pew; And when he finds a proper Time To perpetrate his wicked Crime,

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Made by's Confederates Affistance,

Too strong and pow'rful for Resistance,

They Beat, Gag, Bind, or Murder those

That durst their Villanies oppose;

Then run away with all that's good,

And leave the Family in Blood;

Or if not murder'd, at the best,

Much injur'd, plunder'd, and distrest.

No better Usage should we find

From such Low-Church-men once conjoin'd

With factious Numbers to their Mind:

For the they come to Church to Pray'r,

They'd be the first that would betray her,

And will be found, when Danger's nigh,

The Snakes that in her Bosom lie,

But the weak Wretch, that is misled,
To nurse wild Notions in his Head,
And fancies, thro' the Want of Sense,
Religion's chiefest Excellence
Consists in dull Indifference;

And

And thinks it cannot be a Fault To between two Opinions halt; Or that it is no finful Crime, When Int'rest calls at any Time, To run wi'th' Hare, or hold wi'th' Hound, Since he keeps still on Holy Ground: He understands not, peradventure, The Peak 'twixt Church-man and Diffenter: He knows no Diff'rence in the People, But what he thinks is caus'd by th' Steeple. One fide he fancies does approve it, And that the other cannot love it: His narrow squinting Reason sees No Feuds, but what his Mind agrees. Arise from Trifles, such as these. Therefore he thinks it best, in Troth, To be indifferent 'twist both; And is a Friend fo much to either, That in his Heart he's truly neither:

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He speaks the Church-man very fair, Of Surplice, and of Common-Prayer; But when amongst the Whigs he enters, He's partial for the good Diffenters. Thousands there are just such as these, Who're neither, both, or which you please, That by the Want of Sense and Thought, Shew they've been better fed than taught. These join in that prepostrous Cry, O let the Church, the Church comply, They care not how, and know not why. Suppose a Knave so base be grown, At Law to fue me for my own, Must I comply with his Demands, That we in Friendship may shake Hands? No; I'd not part with Straw or Stone, The Rascal should have all or none: For he that will his Right decline, And with fuch Knaves in Friendship join, Abets their villanous Design,

And makes the World, by his Submission, Believe their wicked Imposition No other, than a fair Condition.

No other, than a fair Condition.

But, worthy Sir, faid I, suppose
Your canting, half-fac'd Christian-Foes
Should tell you, they'd comply and join,
If you'd some friv'lous Things resign;
And they declare what 'tis they want;
Would not the Church those Trisses grant?

Says he, those Trisses which you spake on,
No Mortal can tell what to make on:
How should they, since we plainly see
Themselves about 'em can't agree?
They only quarrel out of Season,
Then study after for a Reason.

Like one that's frantick in his Cups,

Who hits his Friend a Slap o'th' Chops, That offer'd nothing to provoke him, Nor can he tell for what he struck him: The same may of the Whigs be faid, With Pow'r and Wealth they're drunk and mad, And in their Frenzy, huff and threaten With what sad Stripes we shall be beaten, In hopes, now Faction is fo froward, The peaceful Church, like feeble Coward, Will fuch a tame Compliance thew. As give their Cloaks, and Tunicks too: But they shall find, that, Quaker like, At second Blow we dare to strike, And shall not to vile Hands deliver That Church, of which Great God's the Givet. Pray, Sir, said I, your Heat abate, And tell me what they would be at? What 'tis you think would fatisfy 'em, That in my Thoughts I mayn't belie 'em ? A Man of Sense, with half an Eye, (Says he) may eafily descry, Thro' all their consciencious Cant, What in Reality they want;

Which is, believe me, in a Word,

All that the Kingdom can afford:

Therefore they are asham'd to own

Those Terms their Pride insists upon;

Tho', like true Sots, they'll seem at first

With a small Draught to quench their Thirst;

But were they't Barrel-head, you'd find

The Dev'l a Drop they'd leave behind.

At first for Trisses they'll be crying,
Which they will blame us for denying;
But if we think to stop their Raving,
By giving, they'll be always craving.
So Miss, when first she's kept by Cully,
Begs modestly, to try his Folly;
But if she finds he'll not deny her,
His whole Estate shan't fatisfy her;
But into Debt she'll even run him,
And glory when she's thus undone him.
The least of Things, at which they offer,
Were they supream, they would not suffer:

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They only want fo high to foar, That nothing can controul their Pow'r: So that the Saints might rule at length, Not by the Scriptures, but by Strength, That Cruelty their Foes might awe, And their own Wills become their Law. The Church and Crown, in that fad Day, Must to the Club and Cloak give way: Our Lands and Goods be torn afunder, And made their own by Right of Plunder. Therefore I must, with Sorrow, say Our Pilates steer a dang'rous Way. To hold a Candle to the Devil, Is not the Means to stop this Evil; For Whigs in Pow'r, are of that Nature, They'll swell like Spunges thrown in Water. Therefore we strength'n 'em, whilst we please 'em: The Way to less n'em, is to squeeze 'em. But how, faid I, can we foresee They'd thus unreasonable be?

Methinks

Methinks the Church-men first should try 'em, Or else, who knows but they belie 'em? Crys he, your Folly makes me stare; Such Talk would make a Parson swear. Forbear to blunder out fuch Stuff; I think we've try'd 'em oft enough. Did not King Charles the First, to please 'em, Do all that they could ask, to ease 'em, Yet you find nothing would appeale 'em? The more he gave, the worse they us'd him; When most kind he, they most abus'd him. Thus all along, his mild Concessions Made them but heighten their Oppressions. He facrific'd his Friends, we fee, To stop their Rage and Tyranny; Did more than well became his Station, To shew his peaceful Inclination: Yet when they had obtain'd the most That ever Rebels had to boaft,

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And had the Power, Lives, and Lands Of all the Nation in their Hands; The whole three Kingdoms were too fmall, They'd not enough, when they had all; But, like the Gracian, made wry Faces, That they'd no more to pull to Pieces. So finding there was nothing left, To gratify their farther Theft, Rather than be thus disappointed, They stole the Blood of God's Anointed That their rebellious wicked Pride And Av'rice, might be fatisfy'd. And would you have those Saints once more Be try'd, who've done these Things before? No, that would be like chufing those For Friends, who were my Father's Foes. A wife Man, fure, will ne'er agree To trust to their Fidelity; By whose repeated treach'rous Crime. His Family, from Time to Time,

Have been molested and betray'd, And more than twice unhappy made. No, never trust the Villain more, That has deceiv'd you once before. Look round this facred Place, St. Paul's; View its large Iles, and stately Walls! That lofty Dome, that feems to rife, And join its Marble to the Skies! See what vast Strength, and Beauty too, Those bold Corintbian Pillars show! With Wonder gaze on ev'ry Part, Adorn'd with fo much graceful Art, Whose Order and Magnificence, Does not alone delight the Sense, But moves us to a Reverence! Would you not tremble, should you see All this despis'd for Popery? And that a wild Fanatick Rabble, Led by their spiteful Teachers Babble, Should make this facred Pile a Stable?

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Sure all good Men must go distracted, To see such Villany transacted. Yet fhould the Tribe their Pow'r improve Much farther under R-1 Love, Their Pride may foar so high, that we, With weeping Eyes, once more may fee The fad Effects of Whiggish Rage, Perform'd upon this facred Stage. Said I, I'd rather that the Murrain Should turn my Grannum's Cows to Carion; Or that the Dev'l once more would venture Some other Herd of Swine to enter, And not possess a factious Breed, Or to fuch Freaks their Rabble lead; For that would prove the Dev'l indeed. But, Rev'rend Sir, before we part, Twould not a little please my Heart, If you'd a true High-Church-man show, Impartially, that I might know The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low ;

And

And make it to my Reason plain, How that Distinction first began. Says he, the proud diffenting Faction, Malicious even to Distraction, Viewing with Spite, fuch Love and Union Establish'd in the Church-Communion; That put them past the Hopes of rising, To their old Pitch of Tyrannizing, Unless they could by wicked Arts, Divide the Body into Parts, That some weak Sons might be ensnar'd To have compassionate Regard For all Fanaticks, that pretended Church-Worship, (wanting to be mended) Their tender Consciences offended. T' accomplish this ill-boding Evil, Hatch'd by th' Affistance of the Devil, They cry'd aloud for Moderation, To work their Ends by Infinuation.

This fweet ning Term foon took Effect, And rais'd i'th' Church a middle Sect, That trim 'twixt both, and will be fafe, Let who as will command the Staff: Averse to neither any longer, Than just to see which Side's the stronger. So Cowards to no Cause are hearty, But join the most prevailing Party. This makes the Whigs do all they're able To shew themselves most formidable, Because they've Craft enough to know Those mod'rate Church-men, stil'd the Low, Are not fo fix'd in one Opinion, But they can slide into an Union With any Side that gets Dominion; Judging their Principles the best, Who with the greatest Pow'r are bleft; And fo, instead of Fear and Trembling, Work their Salvation by Diffembling.

These Measures did the Faction take, To this absurd Distinction make: And now, to widen the Division, They feed the Mod'rate with Sedition, And to fet Brother against Brother, Reproach one Side, and footh the other; Flatter the Low-Church to the Skies, Blaspheme the High with odious Lies: Thus win the Fools, and wound the Wife. He that stands firm to fave the Church, And fcorns to leave her in the Lurch, Must be a facobite, at least A monst'rous, strange, Ephesian Beaft; A Popish Perkenite, a Traytor; A Fee to th' Crown, a French Abettor; Nay, worse by half than I can speak him, Were he as bad as they would make him. But the Low-Church-man, whose Compassion Is stretch'd so far by Moderation,

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That he would rather Church and Crown Should be depress'd, and trampl'd down, Than his kind tender Heart should see The Nation's Senate disagree T' Occasional Conformity. Such a Low Christian is befriended, And for Mod'ration much commended: His Whiggish Neighbours cry, Alas! For all he goes to High-Church Mass, Were you to hear him talk, you'd find The Man has got a Christian Mind. This in the Neighbourhood's spoke aloud, The Fool of their Applause is proud: Thus hears by fome, what others fay, So grows more mod'rate ev'ry Day. The Leacher, who the Fair pursues, Does the same subtle Measures use; Much Praise behind her Back he scatters, With whom he would accomplish Matters.

This makes her proud, and kind to th' Sinner, The first that found such Graces in her; When his gross Flatt'ries seek her Ruin, And only tend to her Undoing.

But fince thou do'ft defire to know The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low, I'll tell thee with impartial Care, What distinct Characters they bear; That whilst you can in Mem'ry keep Their Marks, you'll know the Wolves from Sheep; The High-Church first shall take their Places, Because they wear most honest Faces.

The Church above the World they honour, And fix their Happiness upon her; The Artick and Ant'artick Poles Are not more fleddy than their Souls Int'rest nor Fear will make 'em waver, Or from the Truth their Conscience sever. No base Rewards, tho' ne'er so great, Or Threats of a corrupted State,

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Will

Will make their Lips their Faith deny. Or their Tongues give their Hearts the Lie. They love Mod'ration with their Souls, But not the mod'rate Cant of Fools. They live in Love and Charity With all, at lest those that do agree T' Occasional Conformity. Their Hearts are Loyal to the Throne; They love the Queen that fits thereon, And dare do all that Men can do, To shew they're to her Int'rest true. They honour Bishops as they shou'd, For being pious, learn'd, and good; And are not for a canting Crew To model God's old Church anew. In short, they're more devout and just, More faithful, and more fit for Truft, Than those loose Saints, whom now we see. Posses'd of all, but Honesty.

The Low-Church are Prevaricators, Proud of the Name of Moderators: By fubtle Arts made factious Tools. In fhort, they're the Diffenters Fools, Defign'd in some more wicked Times To bear the Slander of their Crimes, That when they find proper a Season T' attempt some Massacre or Treason, The cunning Saints may shift the Shame. And cast upon the Church the Blame; Because the Low-Church Moderators Were all along their kind Abettors. Like Moths, that round a Candle fly, They either can't, or won't espy The Danger that's before their Eye; But court those Flames they should avoid, And footh their Ruin, 'till deftroy'd. Tell 'em, the Church declines in Glory, They cry, they hope 'tis all a Story. Thus make you think they would not have her Hurt, yet will nothing do to fave her. They must comply with Toleration, Their Hearts quite melt with Moderation; Yet have not Patience to be taught The fad Calamities they've brought Upon the Land, or to be shewn What Mischief to the Church they've done. Tis true, they use Church-Worship duly, Yet think a Meeting full as Holy:

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Lawn Sleeves and Surplice they approve, The Common-Pray'r they like and loves Yet will not fee the Hurt they do. By fiding with a factious Crew. In short, these Men of Moderation; These Low-Church Whigs, so much in Fashion, Are true to nothing, in my Senfe, Except to dull Indifference; But like a Lump of Wax or Clay, Can take Impression any Way. Lord clear their muddy Intellects, Recal them from pernicious Sects: Make them more Holy, and more Steady, More Wife, more Willing, and more Ready, To guard the establish'd Church o'th' Nation, In whom they feek their own Salvation; That when the Tempest shall arise, She may not fall a Sacrifice To Wolves crept into Sheeps Difguise.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Fourth.

CANTO V.

The Diff'rence 'twixt the High and Low,
By which a Man might eas'ly fee
True Zeal from canting Knavery,
And learn most rightly to distinguish
The Mod'rate, from the Church that's English.
His Bus'ness calling him aside,
I parted with my Rev'rend Guide,
Who left me now to walk, and ponder
On many Things that rais'd my Wonder;

When (after I was thus forsaken)

A thoughtful Turn or two I'd taken,

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Church of the Nation.

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Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Fourth.

CANTO V.

Hen thus my Friend had let me know

The Diff rence 'twixt the High and Low,

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Whols Best

For th' Benefit of Rumination On Matters worth Confideration; I bid adieu to th' Holy Ile, And wander'd from the awful Pile; Down Ludgate Street I gently strol'd, Where Helps for blinking Age are fold; And where Quack, Surgeon, or Physician, That doubts of Harvey's Proposition, May also see, for Confirmation, The Blood of Fish in Circulation. Thus scated I with Care along The flip'ry Stones, amidft the Throng, Kept level for old Cuckolds Corns, Whose Feet, as well as Heads, wear Horns: Nor is't but Justice that each Toe Should the same Pennance undergo, Because they treach'rously together Conspire to carr' us God knows whither, Whilst Cuckold-makers, who are crafty, Graft on our Antlers with more Safety.

I shot the Porch that bears the Name Of good King Lud, of ancient Fame; Within whose Monument lies bury'd A living Tribe, by Fortune worry'd, First squeez'd, then thither haul'd and hurry'd: A greater Number, let me tell ye, Than dwelt in Trojan Horse's Belly: Besides the Legions that they wear, In matted Locks of uncomb'd Hair, And listed Troops of eight-legg'd Strolers, That march from Wrist-bands to their Collars. What Pity 'tis, thought I, that Men Should live, like Sheep, within a Pen! Or else, like Owls, that hate the Light, Lie hidden in perpetual Night! There forc'd to spend their Time in Lousing, Debauching, Gaming, and Caroufing, To th' Shame and Scandal of a Nation, When Fighting is so much in Fashion! These Stony Traps the Laws have set To catch the poor Unfortunate,

Thought I, most strangely disagree With boasted Christian Charity. If Men, for Poverty alone, Must wear such Dublets made of Stone. We wrong the Faith that we pretend to, And punish those we should be kind to; For Heav'n commands us o'er and o'er To be affifting to the Poor, And not take Liberty from those, Who've nothing else to give or lose; And make their Mis'ry more compleat, Which is already much too great. Thus perfecute our Fellow-Creature, Ruin'd perhaps by meer good Nature. The King of Christians gave his Bosom To Laz'rus, when poor and loathfome; But modern Christians would instead, Heap more Afflictions on his Head, And give him Stones, instead of Bread. From thence, along that tipling Street, Distinguish'd by the Name of Fleet,

Where Tavern-Signs hang thicker far,
Than Trophies down at Westminster;
And ev'ry Bacchanalian Landlord
Displays his Ensign, or his Standard,
Bidding Desiance to each Brother,
As if at Wars with one another;
Their only Quarrel being, who
Can with most Art and Int'rest brew;
That is, in short, about who is't
That can the most deceive his Guest:
Draw the worst Wine, and thrive the best.
I pass'd the Bridge, whose Sides were loade

I pass'd the Bridge, whose Sides were loade
With Holland Socks, and hot bak'd Pudding,
And where nice Epicures may see
Knit Night-caps, and rare Furmity;
Plaisters for Corns, and Well-sleet Oysters,
Standing in Rows, and some in Clusters;
All girt with Chaps, Men, Boys, and Women
Traps, Divers, Punks, and Serjeants, Yeomen

here

Some

Some chaff'ring for their Feet or Toes,
Some judging Oysters by the Nose,
And others buying Balls for Cloths.
So have I seen on Board of Ship,
Some gnawing Beef, some spewing Flip;
Another smoaking Indian Fuel,
A sick Man sipping Water-Gruel;
Some Gluttons chewing Bisket-Bread
Round one that's lousing Shirt or Head;
Some making of a Sea-man's Pye,
And others picking Toes just by:
A curious Mixture to excite
A squeamish Lady's Appetite.

Thro' Fleet-Street now I pass'd along,
Where num'rous Hieroglyphicks hung;
Such Whims that would, I dare engage ye,
Have puzzl'd an Egyptian Magi:
A Swan, a Mortar, and a Pessle,
And in the Air a swinging Cassle;
A Shop-sull of Mundungus Ware,
A Grey-bound mouthing of a Hare,

Who wins the Course from all the rest, Because his Master draws the best: Three Tuns, that very lately started, A huge White Horfe that never farted: A Flemish Boar in a blue Jerkin, One Tun no bigger than a Firking: A Leg, that as some People say, Instead of running, hopp'd away: A Bishop's Mitre, and a Horn, Both which may at one Time be worn; For fince, like us, our Prelates marry, Why not their Wives, like ours, miscarry? A Black Bull's Head, a Dragon Green, A King, two Devils, and a Queen: A Brace of Logg'r-Heads o'er the Porch, To guard the Clock, and grace the Church; Which ferve to fhew each Lady bright, That stroles that Way by Day or Night, That Wooden Men, like Brazen Whore, By Clock-work's Art obtain the Pow'r, To knock four times within the Hour;

Who



That is, can thump about the Quarters,
As roundly as two living Porters:
Who then can blame the Maids, that under
Stand gaping at so strange a Wonder,
To see two Block-heads made of Wood,
Perform like any Flesh and Blood?

As I was taking this my View,

Like Country Hodge at Barthol'mew,

Observing here a Temple Fop,

And there a Cuckold in his Shop;

A Cutler fixing up Sword-Hilts,

Informers dogging Punks and Jilts;

A Goldsmith telling o'er his Cash,

A Pippin-monger selling Trash;

One Sempstress in her Hut a stitching,

Another just strol'd out a B—ing;

A Country ruddy-fac'd Attorney

Just lighted from his dirty Journey,

In stubborn Coat of Drab-de-berry,

And wrinkl'd Boots all over Miry;

small sit . In was in a cons

A huge long Sword, with which he vapours,'
In's Hand a Wallet stuff'd with Papers,
To some old Inn of Chanc'ry trudging,
In which he keeps a dusty Lodging,
Lock'd closely up from Term to Term,
Where Fleas, instead of Clients, swarm,
And Cobweb-Emblems of his Trade,
Hang full of Prs'ners o'er his Head.

As I was thus amus'd to see
This Mixture of Humanity,
Who should step by, but Dr. Trotter,
That Astrological Promoter,
Reeling from Elms's Diapente,
Advanc'd at least to nine and twenty,
With a long Cole-black Fury's Wig on,
And slaming Nose, like siery Trigon:
He sometimes run a-head straight forward,
Then tack'd from Southward to the Northward;
And sometimes like a wand'ring Star,
Mov'd Retrograde, then Circular:

A

Finding himself in Dangers tost, At last, for fear he should be lost, He anchor'd fafely at a Post: With that, faid I, old Friend, how chear ye, I'm glad to see you here so merry: Come, let's go drink some Turky Puddle; 'Tis Cordial for a swimming Noddle: Thou'lt grow, with one half Pint of Coffee, As fober as a Perfian Sophy. With that, I took him by the Arm. And led the Wizard out of Harm, Who, for my Kindness, was as Civil As Doctor Faustus to the Devil. So Cheek by Tole away we went, Like old Nick and the Earl of Kent; 'Till to a Coffee-House we came, To quench the Doctor's drunken Flame, Where at a Table down we fat, And gravely talk'd of this and that; Drank Coffee, 'till the Doctor found The World that turn'd fo lately round,

Had of a sudden stopp'd its Motion, In spight of the Copernian Notion. When the reviving Fumes that rose From fealding Ninny-broth to's Nofe, Had foberiz'd his Brains a little, And made him fit for Tattle Tittle. (Pray let not this my Transposition, Incur your Censure or Derision: Poets fometimes must change a Letter, Or Word, to make their Rhime the better: For when we Pegafus bestride, And after Wit a Hunting ride, Our measur'd Lines would all run single, Were they not coupel'd by their Jingle.) I say, when Coffee piping hot, Had rais'd the Man, and cur'd the Sot, And by its Crust-burnt Excellencies, Restor'd the Conj'rer to his Senses; Doctor, faid I, then bowing low, You, I, and all the Kingdom, know

Had

You're

You're famous in your Generation, And learn'd in ev'ry Constellation; I therefore beg you'll answer me One Question in Aftrology, Because I'm fure, were Albumazer, Or Ptolomey, the Plannet-gazer, Tom Saffold, Lilly, or old Coley, Now living, none could tell more truly; Therefore I beg, that you'll impart One Spec'men of your noble Art. With that, the Doctor rubb'd his Eyes, Then looking at me twice or thrice, At last Majestically cry'd, In what would you be fatisfy'd? Pray state your Question, and be free, Sir, If Art can folve it, I am he, Sir, That knows as much, and am as wife, As all the Planets in the Skies: Long have I travell'd, Night and Day, That heav'nly Path, the Milky Way;

Counted

C

Counted the Stars on ev'ry fide, Shook Hands with Time, furvey'd the Tide, And have as often, by my Soul, Drove Charles's Wain about the Pole : Nay, stood a Tip-toe on the Horn Of Aries, and of Capricorn; View'd all the Heavens, where I found The Stars like Whirligigs go round; Visited all the bless'd Abodes, And drank rich Nectar with the Gods: But by my Life, a merry Bowl Of Elms's Punch, is worth 'em all. Sky-Rambles are with me as common. As Scolding to a Basket-Woman. I'd have you think I'm not the Ass. That deals in Fern-Seed, and a Glass, And to deceive the World, does brag on His green, his yellow, and black Dragon; That dwells in Alleys, God knows where, Down seven Steps, and up one Stair:

ated

I'm no poor, ignorant, dull Liar; No Mene Tekel Prophesier; No Doctor Case, no riming Noddy, But one who knows, thro' painful Study, What's what, as well as any Body. Therefore pray state your Question right, With all the necessary Light That you can give, or I require, And you shall find, as you defire, I'll tell you Truth, or I'm a Liar. Doctor, faid I, I must agree You've made the Heav'ns your A, B, C, And understand th' Egyptian Knowledge Beyond all Gresham's learned College: Therefore I'm fure you cannot mis Answ'ring my Question, which is this: Full two Months fince I did invite Three Friends to Sup with me one Night, And when we'd plentifully eat, A Bowl of Punch was next my Treat,

Made

I

Made of right French, upon my Word; (Good, fays the Doctor, by the Lord;) And fo, faid I, we fipp'd our Fuddle, As Women in the Straw do Caudle, 'Till ev'ry Man had drown'd his Noddle; And when they found their Heads grew light, They thank'd their Hoft, and bid good Night; But the next Morn, foon after Rifing, I found my Punch-Bowl Ladle missing. Now, if the Planets can inform ye Who 'twas that stole the Ladle from me, I'll own Aftrology's amazing, And that the Stars are worth your gazing. But, Sir, replies the Doctor, then Of what Religion were these Men? For Planets, like to fov'reign Princes. Have very diff'rent Influences, And make a strong or weak Impression, As Mortals differ in Perswasion. One, faid, I was a Church-Man, true As ever fat in Church-War'n's Pew,

Tade

And went twice ev'ry Sabbath-Day

To hear the Parson Preach and Pray:

One that has long paid Scot and Lot,

And deals each Year for G---d knows what.

Poh, crys the Doctor, never think
A Church-Man Knavish in his Drink;
He's a true Trout that scorns, Ads-fish,
To Porridge beg, and steal the Dish.
Go on, I'm sure he's just and true,
The Ladle lies 'twixt t' other two.

The next, said I, was a Dissenter,

No Saint, but one that dares to venture

At Night to take off his Decanter,

Yet shuns both Common-Pray'r, and Lawn,

To hear a Hide-bound Block-head yawn,

And ev'ry Sunday thinks 'tis fitting

To croud in at a hum-drum Meeting,

Where he in Holy Exercise,

Strains hard to shew distorted Eyes,

Which ev'ry now and then, by Fits,

Are strangely troubl'd with the Whites;

Hi

Yet all his Neighbours do declare

His Dealings are extreamly fair,

And that he scorns, tho'ne'er so little,

To wrong the Rich, or rob the Spittle,

But's nicely honest to a Tittle.

The Doctor, turning up his Eyes,
And grimly looking, thus replies:
I know not what to think of him;
Tis rare to find a Mill-stone swim:
However, I'll suspend my Censure,
To hear what t' other is, and then, Sir,
I'll freely give my final Answer.

Said I, the third Man was, in Troth,
A trimming Christian 'twixt 'em both;
A modern, strange, bifarious Creature,
By Knaves and Fools call'd Moderator.

Nouns, crys the Doctor, in a Fury,
That was the Rogue, I can affure ye:
You need not speak another Word, Sir,
He stole the Ladle, by the Lord, Sir;

The

The Planets punct'ally declare it. The Stars are ready all to fwear it: I'm sure, as right as Man can guess; Tax him but home, and he'll confess; He's a rare Mess-mate for the Devil, And makes a long Spoon of your Ladle. But now you know how Matters lie, Pray take this Counsel by the by. Be sure you never trust herea'ter, In any Case, by Land or Water, The Value of a Rope of Onions With him that halts 'twixt two Opinions, For if you do, you'll find (my Friend) Your felf the Loofer in the End. Pleas'd with the Doctor's lucky Notion, I thank'd him kindly for his Cantion; And well contented with his Answer, Took formal Leave o'th' Nigromancer.

CANTO VI.

O fooner had I cross'd the Ground-sel, Thus fortify'd with good old Counfel, But a long Train of hawking Varlets, Together mix'd with screaming Harlots, Came flying by me in a Heat, With their Hair tagg'd with Pearls of Sweat, Running 'gainst all that did not mind 'em, As if the Dev'l had been behind 'em; Bawling a Speech with hideous Voice, That made, like them, a wond'rous Noise; Which, tho' 'twas spoken by a Noble, To shew how England's made the Bubble, And did i' th' Title boldly wear The Name and Sanction of a Peer; Yet (tho' with great Concern I tell it) 'Twas cry'd as Wenches cry pick'd Sallet; A lumping Pen'worth will you buy, You've all this for a Half-penny.

NTO

Surely,

Surely, thought I, a wife Oration, Intended for the Good o'th' Nation, Must needs be worth so small a Token. Or else 't had better ne'er been spoken. So out I pull'd a piece of Copper, And bought this celebrated Paper: I conn'd it o'er, it proving witty, With as much Pleasure as a City Apprentice does a new Love-Ditty. No Fault could I discover in't, Except too true to put in print At fuch a Time when 'tis the Fashion With Lies and Shams to gull the Nation, And with destructive Querks and Tricks, Those damn'd Fanatick Politicks, To draw the Crowd from their Allegiance, Into a State of Disobedience. The Devil us'd, as all believe, The felf-fame Policy with Eve. And made her, by his wicked Lies, Turn Fool, in hopes to be more wife.

So Nations, by that knavish Cry
Of Liberty and Property,
Are oft brought into Slavery.

Again I paus'd on this Oration, And read it still with Approbation; Some Truths it very plainly hinted, At many more the Author squinted; Well worthy of the Lord's Inspection, And better worth the State's Correction. Why should a Subject be debarr'd From faying 'tis unjustly hard That we should lead the Martial Dance, To fave the Dutch from Spain and France, And still th' ingrateful, thankless Skippers, Shall make poor England pay the Pipers? Their Trade with France does plainly shew They thrive; so give the Dev'l his Due, And let them pay the Musick too. But fince the Dutch will not appear

To th' World fuch errant Fools as we're,

And

And we no Measures can devile, To Cullies make of our Allies: Let us by them Example take. And manage wifely our last Stake; Least Head-long we pursue our Ruin, And fave them at our own Undoing. E'er I could make my Observation Upon the Han'ver Invitation, And all the Parts o'th' Speech which were Just half as many as appear In Lilly's Grammar, which by pain-Full Dint of Whipping, we retain; But a new flat-cap, scoundrel Fry, With daggl'd Tails, came bawling by; Here is his Lord (bip's Noble Speech, And De F-'s Answer, crys a Witch, A Half penny apiece for each. Here, said I, take your Mumper's Fee, Let's see one; Thank you, Sir, said she. Thought I, what means this Tack-about? What makes old Thumond's Cocks fall out, Who, when they heretofore were try'd, Shew'd themselves always of a Side?

Eager of knowing what was in't,
Expecting Wit or Argument
From a bold Champion, that should dare
To thus confront a Noble Peer;
I read, and read, still forward went,
But wonder'd what the Dev'l he meant;
At last I found, instead of Answer,
Mere dull Scurility and Banter;
Which shew'd no Honour could restrain
The scoundrel Freedom of his Pen;
And that, according to his Use,
He cannot write without Abuse;
Or sure he would not have preferr'd
His Lousy Tinker to my Lord.

But that which is above the rest,
The pretty'st paultry, cunning Jest,
He tells his Reader, he shall shew
The Des rence to a Peer that's due,
And yet he says most rudely plain,
That he believes no Mortal Man
Of Truth, good Manners, or Discretion,
Or that esteems his Reputation,
Could without Scandal or Dishonour,
Confess himself that Speech's Owner;
Yet sees his Lordship in the Title,
To shew it was a true Recital;
And that for th' Benefit o' th' Nation,
'Twas printed by his Approbation.

Thus, thro' his Cant, the World may see

His due Respect to Qualitie.

Who.

So have I heard an evil Tongue, With Malice and ill Nature hung, Revile a Man behind his Back, And rend'r him odiously black; Yet vow he honours and respects

The Person whom he thus detracts.

Next does our mannerly Respondent Sum up four Topicks he has found in't, And humbly begs he may have Leave To answer, and to undeceive, and looks and Without Offence, which when h'as done, Truly he answers ne'er a one; The first three Heads he scorns to handle, But then the fourth he mauls with Scandal. And to the better shew his Spleen, He head-long hauls Mercurius in, As Poet Bays does, by my Soul, His Petty-coat upon a Pole. Thus of a sudden turns his Breech, Clown like, upon his Lordship's Speech, And out of all due Place or Season. Attacks the Dollor without Reason, As if the Noddy, thro' Mistake, Had thought himself a Match for Drake.

So have I heard, when charming Linnet
Delights the Meadows with her Sonnet,
A Hedge-bird churring fit hard by,
To answer t'other's Harmony,
Believing that she sung as well
As any warbling Philomel;
When her dull Discord, all the while,
Serv'd t'other only for a Foil.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Fifth.

CANTO VII.

To W gently cruifing up and down,

T' observe the Follies of the Town;

Wand'ring about like starving Bully,

Or stroling Punk in Search of Cully,

Just bolted from some Bawdy-house Alley;

I glanc'd an Eye at ev'ry Body,

This jutting Minx, that strutting Noddy;

One hugging Home a Bag of Pelf,

Another handing half himself:

Some striding on in sweating haste;

As if they fear'd their Time was past:

Some plagu'd with Corns, and some with Gout,

In Shoes with Pen-knife pink'd and cut,

Who

Who pick'd with Care the smoothest Places, And at sharp Flint-Stones made wry Faces: Others, tho' lufty, young, and ftrong, Mov'd on fo carelessly along, That their delib'rate Pace might shew They had but little else to do. Young Drunkards reeling, Bayliffs dogging, Old Strumpets plying, Mumpers progging, Fat Dray-men squabling, Chair-men ambling, Oyster-Whores fighting, School-Boys scrambling, Street Porters running, Rascals battl'ing, Pick-pockets crowding, Coaches rattling, News bawling, Ballad-wenches finging, Guns roaring, and the Church-Bells ringing. Bless me! thought I, fore ancient Babel. Confus'd with all her jab'ring Rabble, Who understood not one another, Ne'er made fuch a confounded Pother; Nor half th' amazing Wonders knew, That this strange Town does daily shew; . was bus history stinden I day 200 The

The Buftle round her lofty Tow'rs, Was nothing, if compar'd to ours; For Heav'n their stately Pile beholding, Was only angry at their Building, And stopp'd their bold presumptious Labour By unintelligible Jabber; But then by cavelling Discourse, They could not make their Discords worse, Nor. like us English, by Disputes, Reason themselves from Men to Brutes. 'Tis plain, because each Neighbour's Tongue Was with a diff'rent Language hung; So that when one spoke Dutch, the other Perhaps spew'd Irish at his Brother; Both perhaps vex'd, but neither able To rend'r 'emfelves intelligible, So their Talk pass'd for Bibble Babble. But we that well know what we fay, Torment our Brains a diff rent Way, And by our wife Debates and Speeches, Make our felves worse confounded Wretches.

Some prophane Atheists seem to doubt

How th' old Confusion came about,

And to appear more learn'd and wife

Than Fools, that do such Criticks prize,

Conjecture, tho' perhaps amiss,

The Bus'ness was no more than this,

The Lab'rers by the Masons hir'd,

Bilk'd of their Wages, soon grew tir'd;

And swore, unless they'd better Pay,

No cous'ning Knaves would they obey,

But leave their Work, and fall to Play.

From hence strange Language soon arose,

That is, ill Words, as some suppose,

Such that oft terminate in Blows.

So that the Slaves, with Anger fir'd,

Against th' Artificers conspir'd,

And (tho' 'twas but a cross-grain'd Trick)

Carry'd them Lime, instead of Brick.

This made the Masons repremand 'em;

The Lab'rers would not understand 'em.

But

Bu

A

So

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T

B

If

But fullen grew upon this Peak, less from the Ar. And then would neither work nor speak. So the grave Spaniard, in the Praise Of Monkeys, very wifely fays, That they are Human, and can Talk, As well as any Christian Folk, But that they fear to speak, least we Should make 'em do our Drugerie. If these Conjectures keep them mute, Their Silence is, without Dispute, A wife Forbearance in the Brute. But we, worse Monkeys of the two, Repugnant Sentiments persue, And talk t' each other with fuch Spight, That we confound both Wrong and Right; Distract the Nation by our Babbling, And feek eternal Peace by Squabling. The Cloak fets up against the Gown, Who lite a Friend, to kindly And rails at Apostolick Lawn; Proclaims the Surplice to be foppish, And damns the Common-Pray'r as Popish;

But

Mere Porridge, from the Mass-Book stole,
Unfit to feed a Christian Soul,
That dates its Method of Salvation
From old King Harry's Reformation.

The Church-men justly growl to fee Fanaticks storm the Hierarchie, And that the Force of Toleration. Once under fuch a Condemnation, Should set each canting proud Fantastick Above their Courts Ecclefiastick, And give fuch buzzing Wasps the Pow'r To fuck the Sweets of ev'ry Flow'r, And rob the more industrious Bees Of Honey as the Vermin please: But that which makes the Church-men wonder, And strikes them worse than Bolt of Thunder, Is, that an E-H of Oak. Who, like a Friend, fo kindly spoke, Should put upon them fuch a Joke, And make 'em by Experience find, That Woman's Words are only Wind.

In

Th

St

L

T

'Tis true, we often have been told
In Proverbs very wife and old,
That Men of Words, and not of Deeds,
Are like a Garden full of Weeds;
And that fine Compliments and Speeches,
Stuff'd full of Thanks ye's, and Befeech-ye's,
Will neither purchase what we lack,
Nor fill a Bushel, or a Sack.

Fair Promises avail but little,
Like too rich Pye-crust, they're so brittle,
They seldom signify a Tittle.

Good Deeds become an English Heart;
Fine Words are full of Fraud and Art:
Heroick Actions are alone
The Glories of a Camp or Throne;
For if bisarious Tittle Tattle
Could storm a Town, or win a Battle,
Or varnish o'er with true Renown
That Sov'raign Gugaw call'd a Crown,
Then any Tongue pad that could slatter,
Might make a supream Legislator,

Tie

Or huffing Bully, Pimp, or Pander, aven notes and sent a Lus slew grava cravos Serve for a General Commander: But wheedling Tongues, unactive Swords, Deceitful News, and bluff'ring Words, No more can make a Prince victorious, Than broken Vows can make him glorious. Fraight with these jarring Cogitations, Confus'd with fundry Observations, had a to the state of Thinking fometimes, and fometimes gazing On Things both pleafant and amazing; Cleam fignify At length did on a Crony stumble; Old Friend, said I, your very humble : " Said to the Whither art trudging on fo fast? Thou walk'st as if in woundy haste. Says he, There is an old Curmudgeon, The story of A hum drum, preaching, Clapperdudgeon, Who in my House has ta'en a Lodging; He wears the independant Cloak, The war the war and the war Yet the old Stiff-rump loves a Joke; And of a hide-bound mungrel Teacher,

Has no small Kindness for the Pitcher: And Market Market

H

T

Iı

В

He's an old Western Soul-Physician, That narrowly escap'd Perdition In wicked Times, almost like these, When Monmouth went to gather Peafe; But having shun'd a Rebel's Fate, He coach'dit up to Town of late, And does this Night dispense, hard by, A Lecture to the Holy Fry; And I, to tell you Truth, am jogging To hear him give the Pope a Flogging; And if you're not engag'd, faid he, I'll thank you for your Companie: I fancy 'twill be worth your while; His Cant, I know, will make you fmile; For tho' he's not a Man of Letters, He'll banter Heav'n, and scoff his Betters, Beyond old Burges, or Hugh Peters.

'Tis done, said I, I'll see you thither;
And so away we jogg'd together,
Not doubting but I there should find
Some Hodg-podg of the Hum-drum kind,
Fit to awake a drowzy Mind.

B

He's

CANTO

CANTO VIII.

HEN we came near the Rebel's School, Where Treason's darly taught by Rule, And fullen Knaves in Crowds agree To facrifice their Loyaltie; And where our Monster of an Ape. Was fond to shew his ugly Shape, And to the list'ning Frape, dispense The very Cream and Quintessence Of Envy, Pride, and Impudence; A Throng of Searchers after Truth. Were crowding at the Alley's Mouth, Wherein the Conventicle stood. Like Smith-field Droll-Booth, built with Wood; All shoving to obtain Admittance, As if they hop'd for full Acquittance Of all the Evils they had done From that Time back to Forty One: Some wrapt in Cloaks that had been wore By Saints defunct, in Times of Tore:

Others in Coats, which by their Fashion, Bore Date from Charles's Restauration, Shelter'd beneath Umbrella Hats. And canoniz'd with Rose Cravats. That by their Querpo's and their Quaints, The World might read them to be Saints; Their sweaty Rat-tail Hair hung down To th' Shoulders from each addl'd Crown, Kept thin, to cool their frantick Brains, And comb'd as strait as Horses Manes; Their Bodies almost Skelitons, Reduc'd by Zeal to Skin and Bones, So lean and envious in the Face, As if they'd neither Greafe nor Grace. Two halting Saints, among the Crew, With no fmall Pleafure did I view, Each made upright with Patten-Shoe; Whose Iron Stilts so plagu'd the Crowd, That some I heard cry out aloud, For Heav'n's fake, good Neighbour Barns, Be careful how you crush my Corns.

thers

Another

Another Zealot, plagu'd with Gout, In painful Fury roaring out, I wish your Pattens at old Nick, They've touch'd me to the very Quick : Can you not tread, but stump my Toes With your Vulcanian limping Shoes? What! come you here to plague and fpight us, And vilely trample on the Righteous? Thouart not fit for Christian Crowding; Thou'rt shod like any Roan or Dobbing. The Women next, in awkward Dreffes, Made up the Feast of ugly Faces: Some did in tatter'd Scarves advance, Jagg'd like the Trophies won from France; In Hoods too, fo defac'd and torn. That had you feen 'em, you'd have fworn, In Blenheim Battel they'd been shotten.

Th' appear'd so ragged, and so rotten.

Some in green Aprons look'd more tite,

Others, like Flags of Truce, wore white

Others, like Flags of Truce, wore white,

House'ives that seem'd a Grain too light.

The good old Dames, among the reft, Were all most primitively drest In stiffen-body'd Russet Gowns, And on their Heads old Steeple Crowns; With pristine Pinners next their Faces, Edg'd round with ancient scollop Laces, Such as my Antiquary fays, Were worn in old Queen Beffes's Days, In Ruffs, and fifty other Ways: Their wrinkl'd Necks were cover'd o'er With Whisks of Lawn, by Grannums wore In base Contempt of Bishops Sleeves, As Simon Orthodox believes. These did not only serve to hide Their wither'd Dugs, but seem'd beside To be the chiefest of their Pride. Some few indeed had got behind 'em Their pretty Daughters to attend 'em; But they were drefs'd and Furbulow'd According to the present Mode;

The

In whom fuch Innocence appear'd, That they no Prick of Conscience fear'd: For those who never knew the Curse Of Sin, can never dread Remorfe. Next thefe, came up a fore-leg'd Dutchefs, Gunting and whining on her Crutches, Who grin'd and look'd (the Lord defend her) As hagged as the Witch of Endor; Crying, when fquees'd, Good Folks, for Shame Don't shove so hard against the Lame, But shew some Mercy and good Nature To a poor, ancient, crazy Creature, Who fixty Years fince, let me tell ye, Have heard good Preaching in this Alley; But now, alass! I'm Lame and Ill, And Deaf, yet by the L-d's good Will, I love to fee a Preacher still.

My Friend and I brought up the Rear,
Squees'd in, and elbow'd pretty near
The confecrated Tub, in which
The Gospel-Emp'rick was to teach.

At length up step'd the formal Prater, Who was of Country May-pole Stature, Slender, Stiff-neck'd, extreamly Tall, Long-fac'd, and very lean withal. No fooner had old Heart of Oak, Upon a Peg hung Hat and Cloak, * But round their Sockets did he rowl The little Windows of his Soul; But foon we found his Eye-Balls hid, Turn'd up beneath each upper Lid, And then he work'd about the Whites, As Mad-men do in raving Fits; Reel'd in his Tub from Side to Side, And wrung his Hands as if he cry'd. His Beard from Shoul' to Shoulder rov'd, And like the Clock-work Drummers mov'd; Thus yawn'd, and gap'd, and gently stir'd His Head, but yet said ne'er a Word; Made many strange Geneva Faces, And out-did twenty Apes Grimaces.

At

At last his Tongue its Silence broke, And thus the Rev'rend Spin-text spoke OL-d, thou art - we know not what, We only know what thou art not, And from a Negative, infer Thou'rt Good, because thou can'ft not err; Look down upon us, finful Creatures, So chang'd by our corrupted Natures, That loe thou know'st we are not Men; And if not so, what are we then? I'll tell thee, if thou want'ft to know, We're Monsters bent to Satan's Bow, Mere Brutes; ay, ay, and are we so? Yes, very flothful, wicked Elves, That love not Heaven, or our felves. Thou may'ft believe me, L-d, for why? Thou know'ft I never tell a Lie: Therefore we pray thee, at thy Leisure, Bestow thy Grace, that heav'nly Treasure, Upon our Souls, that we may be Such Good, Good, - ah, let me fee,

Defenders of those Holy Truths, That came from out thy Prophets Mouths. O strengthen us, thy lowly Creatures, To trample down Lawn-Sleeves and Mitres, And High-Church Nobles bind in Fetters; Or if they prove for us too ftrong, O let 'em live fo very long, 'Till thy Elect shall flout and scoff 'em, And all the World grow weary of 'em. Humble the High-Church, bring her low, That she her wicked Pride may know; And let the Book of Mass be brought, With all its Popish Dregs, to nought; And in its Room, to thy great Glory, Establish our old Directory, And open all thy Peoples Eyes, To read th' Assembly's Catechise.

Let no Tyrannick Crown or Steeple,

Triumph or tow'r above thy People;

But give them, with their Popish Lands,

Into thy Holy Servants Hands,

ders

That

That we, thy Saints, may fave this Nation,
And by a true Illumination,
Compleat a bleffed Reformation.

Let no high-flying Jacobites,

Those Birds of Prey, those Hawks and Kites,

Bear any Office or Command

In this our Isle, thy promis'd Land:

But let thy Holy Saints pull down
Those Props o' th' Babylonian Crown:

May they be scatter'd as the Dust;

For if they do not fall, we must.

O stifle all those wicked Papers,
In which the High-Church make their Vapours:

Let the Memorial and Rebearfal,

Which we poor Lambs are bound to curse all,

Be doom'd to ignify our Pipes,

Or give our Backfides cleanly Wipes.

Confound Politicus Mercurius,

Whose Reas'nings might have prov'd injurious,

Had not the Threat'nings of the Laws

Made him turn Tail upon his Cause,

And many Weeks before he dy'd,
For Safety, court the strongest Side.
No Shame! for honest Men may doubt,
And sturdy Champions tack about:
Besides, by Right of Human Reason,
We may desert at such a Season,
When, by the cow'rdly Eye of Fear,
We do foresee some Danger near,
In Case we farther persevere.

We more particularly pray,

That thou would'st find some speedy Way

To save us, hide us, and relieve us,

From Hudibrassus Redivivus,

That Anti-christian, Popish Book,

That makes thy Saints like Devils look,

And wounds and persecutes the Righteous,

Much worse than Laughing Heraclitus.

Let not that Cause, good L—d, thy own

As well as ours, be trampl'd down

By High-Church Pamphlets, Songs, and Libels,

Or made the Sport of Puns and Quibles;

But hold for us thy Peoples Sake,

The Hands of Lefley and of Drake:

Banish them to some Land remote,

Where Wit don't signify a Groat;

Some new-found, rude, unpolish'd Nation,

Where Learning never was in Fashion;

But where they neither read or think,

Or deal in cursed Pen and Ink,

Those wicked Tools, by Hell design'd

T' annoy the Peace of Human Kind:

There let them cavel and contend

To shame the Cause they would desend;

And tho' their Principles agree,

Yet squable to their Insamy.

Next, lay thy scourging Hand, good L—d,
Upon that High-Church Scribe, Ned Ward:
May all his spiteful, Bitter Nuts, †
Be drown'd in th' empting of our Guts;
The stinking Fate of Doctor's Bills,
Confound his Kernels, and his Shells:

† A Poem fo

May all his pointed Profe and Rhime

Thrown at us Saints, from Time to Time,

Be punish'd one Day, as a Crime.

Dooms-day, Good L—d, I do not mean;

There's other Days 'twixt this and then,

Wherein I hope the good old Cause,

In spight of High-Church Rooks and Daws,

May have the whetting of the Laws.

But kindly show'r thy Mercy's down
On Saint de Foe, and Captain John:
O Snuff that intellectual Light,
By which they think, and which they write;
For if it long should burn thus Dim,
As now it does in Sessions-time,
The good old Cause must be consounded,
Up Cavalier, and down goes Round-bead.
O sanctify the Calves-Head Club,
Those valiant Patriots of the Mob;
And make them stedsaft, wise and wary;

Strengthen their Zeal, they ne'er may vary

Their good old Feast in January.

Poem so d.

May

O bless the Calves, whose Heads they chuse For this their Pious Heav'nly Use: May they abound with Brains to fit 'em For Sauce, above the Saints that eat 'em: Protect them at their folemn Dinner, Least some malicious High-Church Sinner, Should hatch (affifted by the Devil) Some Powder-Plot beneath the Table, Which at one Blast should spoil their Feasting, And blow 'em down to Everlafting. Bless all our kind industrious Friends, Whose Zeal and Courage gain'd our Ends, And did fo cordially affift To get that Popish Bill dismis'd; That Bill, which, had it took Effect, Had cramp'd our Cause and thy Elect; Brought us to th' Cross, the Cowl, the Cope, T' obey the Pope, good L-d, the Pope. O bless those zealous Saints, I say, That fav'd us but the other Day From High-Church Arbitrary Sway:

Give them the Grace of Bradsbaw, Noll, Pride, Danvers, Ireton, Cook, and all; Those Saints, who did not by their Knavery, As Papists say, but by their Bravery, Save us from Popery and Slavery; That these good Men, for whom we pray, The very felf-fame Game may play, And break, by dint of Sword and Fift, The sturdy Neck of Anti-christ: Confound her, hunt her, worry'r, rend her, With all vain Pomps that do attend her, Crowns, Crofiers, Caps, Hooks, Crooks, and Mitres; L-d, let them all be broke to Shatters, That we thy Saints, may prove ascendant, And all the Land be Independent. Then shall we, free from Fear or Shame, Sing Hymns and Praises to thy Name. And gather, with a thankful Hand, The Fruits of all thy promis'd Land. But, L-d, I pray thee, by the By Look down, and cast a jealous Eye.

Sive

Upon our cunning elder Brethren, Call'd by the Name of Presbyterian: Let not that persecuting Faction, Too pow'rful grow, for our Correction; But make them in these happy Days, Thy crafty Instruments to raise Us Saints, to thy eternal Praise; As heretofore thou thought it 'em fitting For that great Work, when Rump was fitting; For if thou fuff'rest them to climb Above thy People, at this Time, Still must thy poor distressed Saints Perfue thee with their fad Complaints, And cry aloud in great Confusion, O Perfecution! Perfecution! L-d, humble 'em to our Hearts Desire, And let them not too high aspire, Because they are too much like Fire: They ferve us well in our Difasters, But are too hot to prove good Masters. O fanctify this Congregation! Scatter their Seed throughout the Nation, And cleanse their wicked Souls within, From all the filthy Dregs of Sin; Wash 'em from all their Blots and Stains, As House-wives do their Pots and Pans: O stretch their Consciences, I pray; Offretch 'em largely ev'ry Way, That by that Means they may embrace A greater Portion of thy Grace; Which well improv'd by Pray'r and Fasting. May make them Saints for Everlatting. This he repeated o'er again, And all the People cry'd, Amen.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Sixth.

IS this, thought I, the winning Way That Saints Enthusiastick pray? Can Malice, mix'd with Scoffs and Blunders, Produce fuch rare extemp're Wonders? And Monkey Faces, Yawns, and Stammers, Delude the pious Dames and Gammers, To think their mumbling Guide's Precation So full of Heav'nly Inspiration, That the Majestick Excellences Of Common-Pray'r, in their duff Senfes, Must of that holy Force be wanting, The Zealots find in off-hand Canting? So they believe, because they're taught, That the Church Liturgy is naught, Old Popish Stuff not worth a Groat;

And

And being by their holy Guide, The reading Common-Pray'r, deny'd, His Doctrine, and their Ignorance, Do still their Prejudice advance, 'Till neither Grace, or human Reason, Can kill at last the deadly Poyson; Which working on the Mind fo long, Becomes s' unconquerably strong, ... That unknown Exc'lence they abuse, But praise the Errors that they use. So have I feen a French-man eat. In Spittle-Fields, most stinking Meat, Toss'd up with Leeks into a Raggoo, To overcome th' unfav'ry Hogo; Then fwear, Begar, 'tis very good, Because he knows no better Food. Thus they applaud their Way of Feafting, Despising ours for want of tasting. By this Time, all the Auditory Began to fing to th' Praise and Glory,

Some squeak'd aloud, and others grunted, Like Pigs and Hogs in Peafe-field hunted; All vary'ng in their Tune and Tone, Which each might justly call their own; For no kind Sifter, or good Brother, Kept Time or Key with one another; But as they'd all discording Faces, So all fung diff'rent Tunes and Graces, Such as they us'd to lull and diddle To froward Infants in the Cradle. So have I heard, in Christmas Time, When noify Rev'ling is no Crime, A Crowd of Country Wags and Wenches, Seated on Buffet Stoolls and Benches, Over their knappy fugar'd Beer, Sing, Ponder well you Parents dear, Each straining forth her Screech-owl Voice, Making some Godly Tune her Choice, Which Gammer Crump, and Goody Burch, Had fqueak'd for many Years at Church.

When

CANIO

When Pfalms for half an Hour they'd fung And howl'd, from Stave to Stave, along, 'Till Sternhold's old and rugged Strains Had made them hoarfe, they took fuch Pains, That in a Sweat, the Congregation Ended their jingling Supplication; On which they all were fo intent, And feem'd fo mufically bent, Each Member of the holy Club, From lofty Saint, to lowly Scrub, All strain'd their Throats to bear a Bob; That fure no Mid-night Catter-wawling, Could prove a more offensive Squalling, Than did, according to my Notion, This bawling Confort in Devotion, Where ev'ry gaping, thin-jaw'd Brother, Strove zealoufly t'out howl the other; As if the Pfalm they had been finging, Was penitential to their Swinging; And that th' were destin'd by the Pfalter, To all die Martyrs of the Halter.

CANTO IX.

HE Teacher, after fome Delay, In which h'ad fludy'd what to fay, With Grace and Gravity affected, Rose from his Seat, and stood erected. Then opening of his Lips most nicely, He made us t' other Pray'r concifely; Which Work he did with Amen Crown, And then the fighing Saints fate down: Next with his horny Thumbs, he spread A Book, which, when 'twas open laid, He did therein precifely look, And thus his Text he gravely took. Most holy Brethren, if you mind, In the last Book of Kings you'll find, Mark you me, Chapter forty eight, When Israel's Saints were Rich and Great, These Wonders in the thirtieth Verse, Written in bloody Characters:

This Day the haughty Tyrant fell,

And with him all the Priests of Baal:

Bless'd be the Hand that gave the Stroke,

Which freed all Israel from her Toke.

This is a hopeful Rogue, thought I,
He'll preach rare Doctrine by and by;
Sure he and all his lift'ning Mob,
Are Members of the Calves-Head Club:
None but fuch Rebels would dispense
With so much Heath'nish Impudence.

I sha'n't, says he, divide my Words,
O'th' Text, as Joyners do Deal-Boards;
And as too many Knaves have done,
Make half a Dozen out of one;
But keep in Union all its Parts,
And glue them closely to your Hearts.
My Words are not like Human Sorrow,
That comes to Day, and goes to Morrow;
But will, by th' Help of Pray'r and Fasting,
Stick by your Souls for everlasting.

In the first Place, my Text imports
The Massacres, the Spoils and Hurts,
That to the Righteous have been done,
By wicked Tyrants on the Throne.

Thought I, not half so many, sure,
As have been done in Times of Tore,
When Rogues, like you, by Hell appointed,
Pull'd down God's Church, and his Anointed.

After he'd made a little Pause,
Again he stretch'd his Lockrum Jaws;
But now, says he, 'tis worth your Wonder,
T'observe how th' Lord brings Tyrants under,
As Ahaz, Jeroboam, Saul,
Jehoram, and the Dev'l and all,
Who were so wicked, that they valu'd
Religion only as a Ballad;
And gave the Priests no more Respect,
Than if they'd been a lousy Sect
Of Heath'nish Sophisters of Old,

Who, as we've been in Proverb told,

Were such poor despicable Wretches, They us'd to shew their naked Britches, Thro' Pocket-holes, and fallen Stitches.

Thought I, for all your Pulpit-Drumming, Had you no Hose to hide your Bum in, But what true Merit would procure you, I then might venture to affure you, Your poor Deferts would scarce be able To find you Trousers to your Bauble; But that the holy Tribe might fee Your Label of Mortalitie Hang dang'ling down, in forry fi ckle, To th' Grief of all the Gender Fickle, That Comfort feek in Conventicle. Said he, 'tis for this Caufe, we fee Proud Kings reduc'd to Miserie, From their high Thrones and Scepters torn, And made God's holy People's Scorn. Kings have no longer Right to reign. Than they the Covenant maintain

Their Prince, but in a righteous Way;
So that when e'er he breaks the Law,
Allegiance is not worth a Straw;
Or if he falfifies his Oath,
His Crime absolves us of our Troth;
For when us Saints are disappointed,
The Sov'reign Pow'r is quite disjointed,
And he no longer God's Anointed:
As you may read Review th' eleventh,
And Observator twenty seventh;
In many Godly Books beside,
If you'd be farther satisfy'd.

Rare Doctrine for a Rogue to scatter, And exc'lent Proofs to clear the Matter.

But then, fays he, perhaps you'll fay,
How shall we know, that do obey,
When he that rules, the Law abuses,
And when his Pow'r he rightly uses?
I'll answer this with greater Ease,
Than Boys catch Flies, or Women Fleas.

Nor

You must depend upon your Guide; 'Tis he that must these Things decide. We know by special Revelation, When a King means to hurt his Nation; For Instance, James's Abdication; And when we're pleas'd to let you know, That Things are carry'd fo and fo, You Nolens Volens, must believe us, For curs'd is he that does deceive us: Nay, loft for ever, d-n'd as fure As the Wind changes evry Hour. Thought I, if Priests the Pow'r should have, Assum'd by this imperial Knave. A Hero fure would fooner choose To carry Brooms, or cry old Shoes, Than rule a Kingdom at the Pleafure Of fuch a Pack of Knaves as these are: For should such Wolves in Shepherds Clothing. Who bear to Kingly Pow'r a Loathing, Be Judges of their Prince's Actions, And Kings be bound by their Directions;

The Ax, or some more cruel Fate, Must on each wretched Sov'reign wait, That we alas! should find too foon, More Revolutions than the Moon. For how shall Kings endure the Teaz Of hum'ring fuch vain Guides as thefe, Whom Earth can't bind, nor Heav'n please? For as all Kingdoms are the Lord's, They prove, by wresting Scripture Words, His Saints, that is, themselves, Pox on 'em, Have th' only Right to over-run'em Did not Jebojada, says he, The Lord's High-Prieft, as I may be, Doom Athaliah to be flain, With all her Idolizing Train? It's true, she baul'd out Treason, Treason, But all her Crys were out of Season; For tho'a Queen, when once the Priest Did her false Gods and her detest, Pronouncing Heav'n's Degree upon her, Alass! what signify'd her Honour?

Just nothing, for she might have been As well a Vagrant, as a Queen; For once beneath the High-Priest's Curse, Sh'ad neither better far'd, nor worse; For whatfoe'er he doom'd her to, That Fate she was to undergo; For when the Priest had faid the Word, Deliver'd to him by the Lord, Be it to Hang, to Burn, or Drown, The bitter Portion must go down. Thus when Ath'liah was subjected By the High-Priest, by Heav'n directed, In spight of Aid, she met her Fate, And fell before her own Horse-Gate. From hence we learn what mighty Things The Priests have done by Queens and Kings; Therefore the Lord commands, I fay, That you his Ministers obey; For if you fide, for Love or Money, With Crowns that have so oft undone ye, The Dev'l will get a Hank upon ye.

'Tis strange such canting Knaves, thought I, Such Emp'ricks in Divinity, Should four the People with fuch Leven, And all the while look up to Heaven, As if they thought to please the Lord, B' abufing thus his holy Word; And by confounding filly People With Notions fo profoundly Evil, Not fit for Christians, but the Dev'l? How should the Peace of Kingdoms flourish, Where Pulpit-Quacks fuch Treason nourish, And by false Jealousies and Fears, Set King and People by the Ears; And by the Doctrines that they spread, Their spiteful scabby Flocks perswade To hold this dangerous Opinion, That they by Grace have all Dominion? Power th' affert, in Grace is founded, And Grace, they fay, alone is bounded Within their holy Tribe, the Round-head.

Tis

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Thus, like the Roman Church, we fee They hold Infallibilitie, Only the one more wifely guess 'Tis seated in his Holiness; Whilst our Geneva Dunces squabble To place it wildly in the Rabble, And make them Lords, that have a Right By Dint of Grace, that is, of Spight, Their Prince at Pleasure to abuse, Reproach, Imprison, and Accuse, Try, Condemn, Murder, then proceed, When from all lawful Pow'r they're freed, To raise some Rebel in his stead. Thus change, by Preaching, and their Pray'rs, Their Kings, as often as Lord-May'rs; That ev'ry bold rebellious Brother Might hope, by making of a Pother, To climb the Throne one Time or other. So Rogues, that live by Rape and Spoil, The Laws Severity revile,

And

And labour to themselves perswade,
That Thest's a consciencious Trade,
And downright Robbery no more
Than Justice, in a Man that's poor.

But now our Teacher stretch'd his Jaws, And cry'd aloud, Observe the Cause Why Athaliah dy'd the Death, And thus refign'd her finful Breath: 'Twas not with common Female Frailty, That she dishonour'd Sov'reign Royalty: Nor did she fall for Sins so paultry, As Fornication or Adult'ry But Crimes more damnable than both, Such that provok'd the L-d to Wrath, And made the Priests so vex'd and mad, There was no Mercy to be had. In short, sh' was guilty of a Sin Unpardonable in a Queen. After strange Gods she ran a Whoring, An Itch beyond the High-Prieft's curing;

And

Which

Which grew at last to such an Evil, That made her hated like the Devil: False Gods she to her felf erected, And the true Worship she rejected; Upon the Levites turn'd her Tail, And countenanc'd the Priests of Baal, With Idols, to polute the Temple, And shew the Land a bad Example. Thus she defil'd the House of David. And took new Measures to be saved; Advanc'd false Gods for Love or Lucre. For which the Levites did rebuke her, But still in vain, 'till God for fook her: And then, altho' a Queen before, Abandon'd thus, she was no more; No more, I will be bold to fay To the High-Prieft Jehojada, Than the poor'st Gossip, if compar'd, To me that teach the holy Word; For if against the Lord you fin, And we his Priests, declare wherein;

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If you don't speedily repent it, And when we bid you do't, recant it, We're bound in Duty to refent it. So if you Evil heap upon us, And don't repair the Wrong you've done us, The Lord will judge the fad Offence, As offer'd to Omnipotence, And will most furely find a Time To punish, nay, revenge the Crime. Therefore you Saints, that would be blefs'd, And of the Promis'd Land posses'd, Must do as we your Teachers bid you, And follow us, or Woe betide you; For what can fignify a Guide, If Satan's Hobby you bestride, And turn a head-strong, wicked Rover, As if the Devil was your Drover. I fay, go on as we direct ye, And Heav'n will biess ye, and protect ye;

Till

'Till we, th' Elect, shall trample o'er The Babylonian Scarlet Whore; Then shall the holy Saints prevail, And pull down all the Priefts of Baal; Confound their Bag-pipes and their Fiddles, Despoil their Images and Idols, Deface their gilded Pagan Altars, And turn their Girdles into Halters; Stop all their old romantick Stories Of Lymbo's, and of Purgatories; Consume their Anti-christian Base-Books, Their Aves, Ros'ries, and their Mass-Books, That they no more shall Preach or Prate in That Heath'nish Roman Language, Latin; But worship God as Christians shou'd do. That is, as holy I and you do: Our Practice of their own Receipt, Will make the Heav'nly Work compleat: Faggot and Fire are exc'lent Tools To humble Knaves, and punish Fools:

There can be no true Reformation, Without a gentle Conflagration, Therefore remember, that I fay This is the true and only Way For you the Saints, to rife in Glory, And make the Wicked fly before ye. Rush on at all; make no Delay; Like Soldiers fight, like Prophets pray, And we shall furely win the Day; For where the Gospel and the Sword Unite, to propagate the Word, The Lord will, at our humble Call, Become his People's General: Therefore I fay again, go on; Ne'er flinch 'till the good Work be done, And the whole World be made our own; For Satan's Kingdom now shall perish, And in their stead the Saints shall flourish:

There

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For

For which Success we ought to pray, That, full of Grace and Peace, we may Conclude the Service of the Day.

Sure none, thought I, that hear a Knave, With Noddle grey, and Looks fo grave, Delude a brainless Congregation After so vile and base a Fashion, Can wonder at our fev'ral Factions, And stand amaz'd at our Distractions, Or blame the Crowd for their Divisions About their Morals and Religions: Since fuch illit'rate, envious Praters, Are fuffer'd to feduce poor Creatures, And op'nly draw them to diffent, Both from the Church and Government; For ev'ry poys'nous Principle, When Scripture's made the Vehicle, In Pulpit spread, by such a Villain, Nurs'd up in Treason and Rebellion, Will in short Time infect a Million;

For all Contagions of the Tongue, Are blown infenfibly along Into by Alleys, Nooks, and Holes, Among fuch Pestilential Souls, Whose Lungs still make the Poyson worse, And breathe it forth with greater Force, 'Till the Plague does its felf expand To ev'ry Corner of the Land, And gains fuch univerfal Pow'r, Tis past the State-Physician's Cure; Who then must flatter the Disease, And paliate what he can't appeafe. So Princes, that command a Throne, When Faction is too pow'rful grown, Are forc'd, fometimes to Favour shew, Where Punishment is justly due. Thus, when our Bab'ler had confounded What Fools believ'd he had expounded, He chang'd his formal preaching Air Into a Godly Mein, for Pray'r,

For

And so began a new Oration,

To bless his sighing Congregation,

Who look'd as if their meagre Chaps

Were chiefly fed with Pulpit-Scraps,

And that their skinny Sides and Faces

Were almost starv'd with hungry Messes

Of tedious Pray'rs, and cooling Graces.

Having thus screw'd his Parchment Jaws
Such Ways as best might gain Applause,
He rowl'd his Ogles with a Grace
Becoming so a zealous Face,
That all his Brethren groan'd to see
Such exquisite Hypocrisse,
And by a sympathetick Force,
Look'd full as bad as him, or worse:
At length this Utterance he made,
And spoke his Words with dolesus Dread,
Like Fryer Bacon's brazen Head.

OL-d, fays he, OL-d of Hoft,
We are thy Saints, and that thou know ft;

Stick

Stick by us now, that we may fcatter Our Foes, and flick by thee herea'ter. Exalt the Horns of us thy People, Above the Dragon of Bow Steeple, That by thy Grace's Contribution, We may have Strength of Constitution, To root out High-Church Perfecution. O let not this thy holy Place, E'er want that Scavenger, thy Grace, That ev'ry Saint-like Soul herein May be new vamp'd, and made fo clean, That not one Speck of Sin or Folly May any tender Conscience fully; So that each Saint, who hither comes, May return back to their own Homes As undefil'd, from Head to Rump, As a new Jug just rinc'd at Pump. O L-d, look down, and bless thy People,

The Young, the Old, the Blind, the Cripple.

Stick

May

May they thy holy Word remember,
Above the fifth Day of November.
Obless each Saint that edefies
By this Day's holy Exercise:
Let thy Grace hover round about 'em,
And dwell within 'em, and without 'em,
That they may all Dominion gain,
And o'er thy Foes in Triumph reign;
So, L—d, with us, say thou Amen.

FINIS.

Like Stalled Bollock, the and rose

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Seventh.

CANTO X.

With what they'd heard, were now dismiss'd;
So squeezing forth, brim-full of Grace,
Each turn'd his Rump on Holy Place,
And with his Elbows and his Feet,
Made way into the open Street.
I shov'd my bulky Corps along,
But look'd, amidst the skinny Throng,

Like Stall-fed Bullock, fat and fine, Amongst King Pharach's famish'd Kine. I puff'd, and blow'd, and thruft, and bussl'd, 'Till thro' the narrow Culph I'd jossl'd, Which flunk as if their Teacher's Pray'rs, That crept into their lift'ning Ears, Too windy were to be confin'd; So working down, made way behind. When I, with much ado, had clear'd My felf of the infected Herd, And turn'd (good Manners quite forgetting) My low'r End on their Low C-h Meeting, The poys'nous Fumes Pd fuck'd in there, I gladly chang'd for sweeter Air, d by Not knowing, but the Breath that comes Out from between a Rebel's Gums, If long imbib'd, might plague and spoil The Body, and the Mind defile; Turn our found Principles to fad ones, and change good Confeiences to bad ones.

Why not, as well as Mists and Fogs, That rife from filthy Fens and Bogs, With Aguish Fits, make Mortals tremble, Like quaking Zealots, that diffemble, When to their Brethren they aver it. The Workings of the Holy Spirit; If thus the Vapours that do fwarm From flimy Fens, can do us harm, The dang'rous Breath, that flows each Day From Men more filthy far than they, Must give to greater Mischiefs Birth, Than all the Quagmires of the Earth. When thus deliver'd from the Crowd, Precifely dress'd, devoutly proud, I left them at the Alley Gate, Each waiting for his Friend or Mate, That they might all creep home in Couples, The better to debate their Scruples, And canvas o'er the Cant they'd heard From Lanthorn Jaws, and picked Beard.

Vhy

My Friend, that to the Lecture led me, Now walking leifurely by fide me, Began to ask my Approbation Of our dull Quirpo's dark Oration. Old Friend, faid I, to tell you Truth, I have not heard from Block-head's Mouth Such worthless Cant, such senseless Blunders. Such frothy Quibbles and Cunnunders, Such wicked Stuff, such poys'nous Babble, Such uncouth, wretched Ribble Rabble, Never fince Cromwell's frantick Porter, Who whilft he did in Bedlam quarter, Thro' Iron Bars roar'd out aloud, Mad Doctrine to the madder Crowd With what bold Ignorance can a Dunce, The Worship of the Church renounce, Where Sacred Order moves the Sense. And raises awful Reverence Tow'rds that great Pow'r, to whom we pray, And those our Guides, that teach the way?

What Hypocrite, that once but hears The Holy Exc'lence of her Pray'rs, Can cavel at those Heav'nly Words, Whose Christian Force so well accords? With all Conditions and Degrees Of Human Souls, who pray for Ease, Oppress'd with finful Miseries, What formless, poor, ex temp're Matter, Compos'd of Non-sense and Ill-nature, Squeez'd out from the illit'rate Noddle Of some dull, canting Tom a Doodle, Can without spiteful Blasphemie, To th' Church's Form compared be, Which was at first from Scripture drawn By Bishops worthy of their Lawn; Good Men, well learn'd in Sacred Story, Who labour'd hard to fet before ye, Instead of Int'rest, God's true Glory? With what strange Ins'lence can a Wretch, That hears a grave, wife Doctor preach

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What

With awful Mein, and Parts fo great, They Honour both the Church and State, Whose searching Truths Words a Passage make To e'ery Heart that hears him speak, And force ill Thoughts to fly away, Like Mists before the God of Day? Isay, with what strange Impudence? What Prejudice and want of Sense, Can Calvin's whining Saints compare The hum-drum Non-sense that they hear; The canting Lies, instead of Truth, Yawn'd from a Rubborn Block-head's Mouth, With the learn'd Doctrine of a Guide, Whose Words have that commanding Sense, They make us feel their Eloquence, And by their Influence, incline Our finful Souls to what's Divine? Whilst those illit'rate, gaping Fools, Who prate in Barns and Dancing-Schools,

Would make a Christian, by their Teaching, Abhor their Praying, and their Preaching. And think they study'd to advance Rebellion, Pride, and Ignorance; And that, instead of propagating True Christian Practice by their Prating, Their bawling Dunces only meant To teach their Hearers to diffent From all that's good and excellent? Right, fays my Friend, the Truths you fay, Are clear as any Sun-shine Day For oft i'th' Country have I feen, When at a Meeting I have been, An Ape, o'er Back of Leathern Chair, Squeeze out a Sermon, or a Pray'r, Strewing his Phiz the time he's prating, As if h'ad been Exonerating; hall and hall hall hall For every Utt'rance of the Fool, Came from him, like a hard-bound Stool,

uld

gingiW turn their Lails uBou the Light

Wiping his Lips at each Expression, As if his fenfeless, dull Oration Was fuch a foul Reverse of Truth, His very Words defil'd his Mouth, And made the finful Trumpet need More Wipes, than Nature's Sink just freed From the loofe Dregs of Meals and Meffes, Our Drunken Vices, and Excesses; Yet fuch a bold illit'rate Dunce, That can but rattle, rave, and bounce, Altho' he little more can fay, Than Laud and G-d, and Eke and Aye, Shall follow'd be by larger Flocks, Than a Learn'd Guide, that's Orthodox. Said I, we by Experience know, Obstinate Fools will still be so: The wifest Occulist can't find A way to cure the felf-will'd Blind, But still, like Bats that love the Night. They'll turn their Tails upon the Light.

By ancient Grannums we are told, In Proverb true, as well as old, That Birds, who are of the Same Feather. Delight to meet, and flock together: So that the neighouring Owls will follow The Howlet, that they hear, but hollow; Nay, if a Wolf but makes a Noise, And elivates his howling Voice, The rest will from their Dens come out. And gather round the bawling Brute; As Zealots, join with one another, To hear the Howls of Holy Brother. Hush, says my Friend, mind what you say; You know this is not Time of Day For Truth to be fo obvious made, We must not call a Spade, a Spade. In Troth, said I, I cannot flatter, My Muse abhors to mince the matter; A Knave she like a Knave will draw, In spight of that grim D-n, L-:

She feeks no Int'rest, knows no Fear and and the man But as they be, makes things appear; And if the Truth be deem'd a Libel, Good Heav'n preferve the Holy Bible From all those Hypocrites, that use it Only to wrest it, and abuse it; And make it, by their canting Whines, Subservient to their base Designs. Be filent, fays my Friend, a while, I'll tell a Tale, shall make you smile. A Clergy-man, of great Renown, Well known in Country, and in Town; Fam'd for an exquisite Conjunction, Of Parts becoming Holy Function, Had writ a learned Tract, to show The Dangers that from Schisin flow; And willing, as became his Station, To have his P---'s Approbation, He humbly shews the painful Piece

To th' B of the D e:

With much Content, the Book he read,
And gave the Applause it merited;
But, Sir, says he, tho' Schism's a Crime,
This is alass! no proper Time
To trouble tender Consciences
With such Polemick Points as these:
Besides, 'tis dang'rous to disturb 'em,
We must not either spur or curb 'em.

My L—, reply'd the Country Priest,

Since there's no bridling of the Beast,

And that your L——p's pleas'd to say,

At present 'tis the better Way

To stop good Works, and wink at Evil,

For once, like you, I'll be so civil,

To hold a Candle to the Devil.

I find, faid I, you make this Motion,

Like a true Friend, by way of Caution,

To fhew this is no proper Time

To publish Truth, dress'd up in Rime;

Nor is it Treation, if I fay, In Profe or any other Way. Without the Danger of offending A potent Tribe, who are intending, Under Pretence of mending Matters, To bring us into S-fh F-rs; Therefore, fince you have been fo kind, In merry Tale to hint your Mind, And give me good Advice, I'll takeit, Not tell the Truth, or yet forfake it; But hug her closely in my Breaft, And both fubruit to be supprest, Till Time, that brings all Things to Light, Shall rescue her from Error's Night, 11 18 19 19 19 19 19 19 And make her shine Divinely bright.

No more will I prefume to meddle

With up-start Rump, leap'd into Saddle,

Or in his odious Colours paint

That Hypocrite, a Modern Saint,

Nor shall my Muse in doleful Verse,
The Tragick Villanies rehearse,
Done by that Sanguinary Brood,
That wash'd their Hands in Royal Blood.

No more the merry Jade shall jest
Upon their solemn Calves-Head Feast;
Or eke prophane that mod'rate Zeal,
Which we and they know both too well;
Is only meant when things accrue,
As Holy Tribe would have 'em do,
To make us mod'rate Christian S—s,
To Heath'nish F—s, and siery K—s:
For he that's cunning in undoing,
And seeks to work another's Ruin,
Will coax him first to be his Friend,
And that blind Side the most commend,
By which he hopes to gain his End.
With that my Friend look'd up, and snorted,

And thus upon me he retorted:

Tho' Rods you know are foaking for you, I find, says he, it won't deter you: Did you not fay, you would forbear, And yet you're rambling G-d knows where. Pox take, faid I, this Itch of Scribling, Like Fish, we Poets must be nibling. But have a Care, fays he, at last, The bearded Hook don't hold you fast; And let me, like a Friend, advise, As you are merry, pray be wife: with the diel wiel For if you will be boldly casting to a strong at wism Your Flirts at those that love no Jesting, They may return, when you provoke, want at a said In earnest, such a spiteful Stroke, ... I and a considered You'll like as bad, as they your Joke. Said I, these wise Considerations Have cool'd my hot-brain'd Cogitations; Thou'ft damp'd at once my Muse's Fury, She's a meer Coward, I affure ye, And dreads a d-d Fanatick J-y.

Well!

Well! fince the whifpers out her Fears On both fides of my lift'ning Ears, And tells me, If I don't comply To scribble modifhly, that I May thirst for Wine, and starve for Hunger, Ere she'll stand by me any longer ; I find, to fave my felf from Harm, Like modern W-g, I must reform, That is, not speak the Truths I shou'd do, Nor scourge the Factions as I wou'd do ; For as their Pow'r of doing Ill Can ne'er be equal to their Will, So is my honest Will to shew The Ills and Mischiefs that they do, Above the Pow'r of my weak Sense Now cramp'd by a R——. Farewell, ye proud aspiring Herd; May you be neither lov'd or fear'd, But only rais'd aloft, like Rain In Season, to come down again;

Well!

You ever was, and e'er will be,

A Snake to those that cherish ye.

CANTO XI.

Business now calling for my Friend,
T' our Conversation put an End;
So that I now began to think,
B'ing drowthy, on a little Drink;
And glad to chuse the saving'st way
To spend the Remnant of the Day,
I sneak'd into a little House,
Where Porters do their Belch carouse,
Where by the Kitchen Fire, there sate
Two Toapers in a warm Debate;
One was the Sweeper of a Chimmey,
That dirty Rhime to Polyhimney,

With Nigro Hands and Face, as black As was his Sooty Bushel Sack, That hung across his flurdy Back. The other was a Mealy Blade, All powder'd o'er from Heel to Head; One that prun'd frowfy Beards for Two Pence, And therefore Master but of few Pence; Which fad Misfortune caus'd a hot Dispute between each Brother Sot, About the Payment of a Pot: The Chimney-Sweeper fate in State, And fwore he'd make the Barber pay't, Or else, before he left the Room, He'd make a Puff of's little Broom, And dipping it in's Bag of Soot, Wou'd powd'r him o'er from Head to Foot, 'Till he had put him into deep Mourning, like any Brother Sweep. The Barber, who was trim and neat, to minimum and? Ver'd at his dirty Opposite, and a data to be all

With

Bit's Nails, as Men enrag'd are wont,

And thus return'd the gross Affront:

You footy, finutty, nasty Slouch,
Not fit for cleanly Hands to touch:
Thou ill-look'd Picture of the Devil,
That can't be Tipfy, but must cavil,
A Heath'nish Sot, that roars and swears,
Only fit Company for Bears.—

These Words provok'd the Sweeper highly,
Who handling Soot-bag very slighly,
Says he, A Heathen do you cry?
I say, you Wash-ball Rogue, you Lie.
I chuse Religion by Discretion;
That which most profits my Profession.
Therefore you Dog, I'll make you know,
If you are High-Church, I am Low.
No Heathen, but a Tipling Saint,
That loves a Church with Chimney in't:
Then mounting of his sooty Sack,
He gave the Barber such a Thwack,

That made him look of party Colour,
Betwixt a Collier and a Fuller.

Couragious Tonfor, highly fcorning To thus be put in fecond Mourning, Without revenging with his Fift Th' Abuse from his Antagonist. Starts up, and with a Manly Rage Does his black dufty Foe engage. Sometimes the Battel doubtful grew, That we, the Standers by, scarce knew Which would prove Conqu'ror of the two. At last Smut grew too hard for Smug, And gave him fuch a Cornish Hug, Back'd with f' unmerciful a Cuff, That made poor Tonfor cry, Enough. With that, the Conqu'ror crow'd and strutted, The while the Victim fnub'd and pouted; With Hands and Face his Cloths beside From White to Black fo truly dy'd, That any Stranger would have faid, to the middle They'd both been Brethren of a Trade.

You know, fays Sweep, I told you my Church,

And now I'll make you tell me thy Church,

Or by my Word, and you may take it,

I'll thrash my Soot from out your Jacket.

The Barber now b'ing tame and cool,

And feated on repenting Stool,

Not caring for a fecond Beating,

Reply'd, He liv'd 'twixt Church and Meeting,

And therefore was oblig'd in Troth

To Trim for Profit 'twixt 'em both.

Pox take thee, fays the footy Brute,

How came we two to thus fall out?

I find Religion is in thee

The very fame that 'tis in me.

Int'rest I find, that pow'rful Guide,

Leads thee or me to any side.

They say, crys Tonsor, "tist the Fashion,"
Follow'd by Men in ev'ry Station;

And tho' we're poor, why should not we, Like other Fellow-Christians be? And from our Betters learn the way To live and thrive, as well as pray? And in that Faith and Party truft, By which we hope to gain the most? Nouns, crys the Sweeper, being mellow, Thou talk'ft like a good honest Fellow; I'm forry that the strong Beer Barrel Should make us two fuch Fools, to quarrel, Since now, by thy Discourse, I find We're both intirely of a Mind; For what thou fay'ft, is very true, All Stations do the Pence pursue. Religion, once the Nation's Darling, Now bows its Head to pow'rful Sterling. Money does every thing command; Without, Efaith, as Matters stand,

We now can't shake a Knave by th' Hand.

In fhort, Queens Pictures, by their Features, Charm all Degrees of Human Creatures, From the black Robe of deeper Dye. To less black Mortals, thee and I. By this time the offensive Soot, That in the Scuffle flew about, Began to op'rate in my Snout, And made me fo Cheho and Snivel, As if I'd got the Sneezing Evil: It fet m' a Wheezing worse than Pthisick, And downwards work'd like any Physick, That I was forc'd, in Cellar first, To empty what would else have burft, And chang'd without, for Air more clean, The footy Fog that 'rose within: Thus leaving with Regret of Mind, The rest o' th' Comedy behind, Twas now about that Hour of Night, When stroling Hussies, much too light,

Those Paramours of Pimps and Bayli's, Creep out from Garrets and from Allies, Purfu'd by poor reforming Rogues, As Bitches Proud by Curs and Dogs; Some Jilts in Tally'd Furbulows, Dress'd up as if in Quest of Beaus, New powder'd, patch'd, and painted o'er, The Marks of a retailing Whore, Came jutting by with Muff and Fan, Six Harlots to an honest Man, Mix'd here and there with low-priz'd Vermin, Rigg'd out for Porters, and for Carmen; With Arms wrapp'd up in Aprons white, Which in dark Corners shone as bright, As Clow-worms Arfes in the Night; Each at some Distance off behind, Attended by a Rogue, defign'd To guard and vindicate his Jewel With Mutton Fist and Oaken Towel,

From the Affronts of Brother Rabble, Or any accidental Squabble. Thought I, O happy pious Nation ! O bles'd Effects of Reformation! By which we find, in ev'ry Place, In spight of Pulpit and of Press, More Rogues, but not one Whore the lefs. I found, for all the pious Care Of Aldermen and good L-d M-r. And Holy Projects put on foot, To tear up Evil, by the Root, By arming broken Knaves with Staves, To punish Whores that Sin by ha'ves, And cannot with obliging Crowns, Bribe old Sir Macril's Mermadons, That still the City Jilts and Jades. Would claim the Freedom of their Trades. And exercise their finful Tails As long as pow'rful Rump prevails;

For whilst Hypocrify and Cant Make up a true blue Protestant, So long will Reason stoop to Roaring, And Sanctity concur with Whoring, After a most Religious manner, To fhew the Saint, and hide the Sinner. Thought I, the Tongues of Faction may Ring Peals of Holiness all Day; Preach Lectures of their Reformation, Election, and Regeneration, And fill the Crowd upon a Sunday, With Hopes of growing Righteous one Day Spread ev'ry City Coffee-house Table With Libels, to reform the Rabble, Where they may find at large exprest, What Church and Government are best; And learn at once, from the Review, Religion, and Rebellion too. Yet all their Pains and Politicks, Their Shams, and Flams, and pretty Tricks, I fear will prove but quaint Devices,

To purge our Pockets, not our Vices.

So Factious Knaves, to cheat the Crowd,

Cry out, Reform, Reform, aloud,

When all the Goodness they intend,

Is but to marr, and not to mend,

That hungry Saints, whom Int'rest draws,

To shoulder up the Holy Cause,

May thro' their Cavils and Debates,

Lay Godly Hands on good Estates.

FINIS.

Advertisements.

HE other fix Parts are to be had at Six-pence each, of B. Bragge, at the Raven in Pater-Nofter-Row, against lay.

The Diffenters Consciencious Objections against the Episcopal Church; together with their Reasonable Proposals for a Compliance with her Discipline. To which is added, The Bishop of Osfory's Epistle to King Charles II. wherein forgetful Princes are put in Mind of their Duty. Sold at the Place above named.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Eighth.

CANTO XII.

Had lock'd my Senses up all Night;

'Till Somnus snatch'd in a Surprize,

His leaden Plummets from my Eyes;

And th' Eastern Blushes of the Morning,

Gave waking Mortals early warning,

That Sol from Thetis was returning;

For Gods, the Poets do maintain,

Have Mistresses, as well as Men;

ach, of

oft Ivy

iscopal a Com-

Bishop Princes

above.

And

And are like us, in bawdy Cafes, Tir'd as foon with their Embraces; For am'rous Joys, we always find, Leave a repenting Sting behind, That makes that odious in Reflection, Which proves so pleasant in the Action: 'Tis for this Cause the Sun looks red, When rifing from his Thetis Bed, Blushing to think her Female Charms So long detain'd him in her Arms; 'Till he was glad to fly so fast From what he fought with equal hafte So th' Lover, tho' he's young and kind, Must own he does more Pleasure find In his next Morning's hafty Flight, Than in fair Celia's Arms all Night. Just at the very peep of Day, As thus in Bed I musing lay, With thoughtful Brain, and active Mind, To strange Poetick Dreams inclin'd,

My Fancy rang'd from Pole to Pole, To feed with new Delights my Soul; Sometimes on Honesty I mus'd, Talk'd on fo much, tho' little us'd. Methoughts I heard each Villain claim An Int'rest in the Sacred Name, And ev'ry Jilt and Villain fay, That they were Honest in their Way. The arrant Knave that never knew her, Would still pretend some Title to her; And in his Looks, diffembling Grace, Would wear her Liv'ry in his Face. So a lewd Punk, fo well we fee, Will counterfeit true Modesty, And look fo Pious and Demure, That few would think the Saint a Whore. Each Party labour'd to deceive The rest, and make the World believe, That they, and only they, ingrost The Jem, and could the Secret boaft;

In Rage, denying to the rest The Honesty themselves possest, Yet none would own they were without it, But cavil'd furiously about it; So have I known hard Words and Battles Among a Crew of Tittle Tattles; About their Virtue, when the Jades Were Thieves and Strumpets by their Trades, And had no more Pretence to cavil About it, than the very Devil; But Rogues and Whores will difagree, And fquabbl' about their Honesty; Altho' they have no more to flow, Than Guinea has of Frost and Snow. Then did my rambling Thoughts proceed To Friendship, that deceitful Reed, And range from Place to Place about, To find the precious Jewel out: In Courts, Ambition, Envy, Pride, The cordial Sement quite diffroy'd;

There it but in external Shew Appear'd, as other Virtues do; Was mimmick'd as if highly priz'd, But never truly exercis'd: So will each Bully look and prate, As if he had a good Estate; But when into the Knave we pry, We find he'as none to occupy. In Cities, Avarice and Gain Disfolve the mutual happy Chain, And mercenary Ends, divide The Gordian Knot, as foon as ty'd: Besides, true Friendship cannot dwell Where Int'rest does alone prevail, And Money does their Minds delude From Justice, and from Gratitude: Money, that Guide that makes 'em stray From Truth, to go the gainful'st Way: Money, that causes 'em to break The strongest Oaths that they can make,

That wicked Root of every Evil, Which leads 'em headlong to the Devil; Yet each Man strives to make the rest Believe he 'as Friendship in his Breast, And talks as earneftly about it, As if he had it, tho' without it. So have I heard a Crowd of those Vain foppish Animals, call'd Beaus, Prattle of Wit, 'till very hot, Altho' they never had a Jot. Thus many Fools, their Parts to show, Will talk of Robin, and his Bow, That never, by Enquiry, knew Whether 't was made of Steel or Yew. I' th' Country too, 'tis quite mistaken, And valu'd less, than Flitch of Bacon; For there they know no Obligation Beyond a Neighbour or Relation; Nor can those Trifles bind them longer, Than whilft Self-Int'reft, which is stronger,

Preserves the Tie that is between Themselves and Neighbours, or their Kin: For Friendship is of a Dimension, Too large for rural Apprehension; Their narrow Souls can't comprehend The facred Bonds 'twixt Friend and Friend; Nor are their Faith and Wisdom big Enough for fuch a folemn League; For Friendship, if that Name it bears, It must be free from Doubts and Fears, And is fo credulous a Tie, Diffolv'd at once by Jealoufy: For if we e'er our Friend mistrust, It shews we do not think him Just; And if we harbour fuch a Thought, Our Friendship is not worth a Groat; For who would hazard all, to fave A Man from Harm, he thinks a Knave; Yet he that Friendship does pretend, And will not do't, to fave his Friend,

Is, as the Learned do furmife, A Snake that in the Bosom lies: Therefore my Muse could no where light on That Friendship Men of Honour prate on; Because, as they define the Matter, It is too strict for Human Nature; For Avarice, Revenge, and Pride, Hypocrify, and Luft befide, and I must be the transfer of the Have fo corrupted Flesh and Blood, That we abandon all that's Good; Exclude all Virtue from within, And wear it but in outward Mein: For 'tis acquir'd by every Fool, Not now, by Philosophick Rule, Nor at the Church, but Dancing-School. Thus Virtue is become, alass! No more than an external Grace; And those that from Geneva Books, Have learn'd to fhew it in their looks;

Altho' they should deserve a Gallows, Would still be counted honest Fellows. How then should Friendship raise its Head, When Virtue, it's Preserver's Dead? If Holy Sifter chance to stray, For God Almighty's Lambs will play, She still will have the canting Face To boast her Right to saving Grace; Altho' fhe does in Conscience know The Devil governs all below, And finds a Way thro' finful Hole, To please her Lust, and damn her Soul: Thus Women will contend, we find, Altho' their Virtue be refign'd, and all to be the same and the same a T' enjoy the Honour till they're dead to the state of the Of a chaft Wife, or modest Maid. Pray, why not still possess the Name, Tho' Virtue's gone, that gave the fame, Since Men of War their Titles boaft, Altho' they've their Commissions lost?

Captains

Utho'

Captains and Cuckolds, all Men know,

Once dignify'd, will still be so;

Therefore why should not ev'ry Dame,

That once enjoy'd an honest Name,

Have still the Benesit o' th' same,

Since ev'ry Woman may aver it,

She once had Virtue's Pattent for it?

And tho' she Captain-like, has lost

Commission, yet she ought to boast

The Honour of her former Post.

Next these, true Loyalty I thought on,
But that I found corrupt and rotten;
So faint, and in that sick Condition,
Giv'n over by her old Physician;
And when she languish'd thus dejected,
By all upbraided and neglected;
Begging for Christian Consolation,
Yet scarce a Levite in the Nation,
Of any Church, amongst so many,
Would by their Pray'rs afford her any.

So wealthy Men, who in their Prime Have nobly flourish'd for a time, When once they are by Fate depress'd, And of their Riches disposses'd; Those very Friends the first abhor. 'em. That should in Reason do most for 'em. Religion, did my Fancy next Chuse for her Theme, that is, her Text; And thus inspir'd by way of Sonnet, She rim'd, that is, she preach'd upon it: Methoughts I faw her quite forlorn, Her facred Body rent and torn; And as her Limbs thus mangled lay, In a Tempestuous Factious Fray, Diffected by a fatal Knife, Sharp whetted in Schismatick Strife; The Church in Tears most fadly mourn'd, And her true Sons were much concern'd; But all the reft feem'd pleas'd to fee Religion's sad Catastrophe.

As thus she lay, all pale and wan, Expos'd to those that work'd her Bane, Each jarring Party strove to take A Limb, for Memorandum's Take: The Church industrious for a Part, -Most wisely chose the Head and Heart, And foon by Faith and Grace reviv'd That Life, of which they were depriv'd. The Presbyterians, and the In-Dependants, who were near a kin, Advanc'd, and in a numerous Swarm, Chose each a Leg, and each an Arm; Because they love like Bully Huff, To Things decide by Kick and Cuff: 200 afterno The re-Tis nat'ral for a Tribe to claim Those things, that best will serve their Aim. The Baptist Teachers, being wife, Came in the next, and chose the Thighs; Because when wicked Satan's in 'em, They dearly love to creep between 'em;

For these more lustful than the Pigeon,
Do nothing but debauch Religion.
So rav'nous Gluttons at a Feast,

Secure the Bit, they like the best.

The Quakers next came fidling in,

And for their Portion, chose the Spleen,

Which fills them so with Melancholy,

They can't like other Sects be jolly:

But sighing in their Meetings sit,

Like Hypochondriack Bedlamite,

As if they fancy'd by their Sadness,

Religion was a hum-drum Madness.

So Cats, if once with Milts they're fed,

Sit moping by they Fire fide,

And choak the Spirits in their Blood,

By their dull malancholy Food.

For

Seekers and Singers next took Pains

T' approach Religion's poor Remains;

The Guts and Garbich they posses'd,

And thought themselves most highly bless'd;

From whence they love to exercise, As 'tis conjectur'd by the Wife, Religion in a Beaftly manner, To their own Shame, and Heaven's Dishonour: So ev'ry Bear and Wolf delights To please their Savage Appetites With stinking Carrion, that is nasty, Much rather than a Ven'son Pasty. The Pope adorn'd with Crowns and Crosses, In all's Pontificalibusses, Came puffing next in mighty Sweat, As if he fear'd h'ad staid too late, With a long glitt'ring Train behind him, Of Crazy Card'nals, to attend him; Each dizen'd in his Robes of State, And cap'd with bloody-colour'd Hat, Follow'd by Troops of Popish Liars, Priests, Jesuits, and bald-pate Fryars: Some from their Churches, some from Cloysters, All mumbling o'er their Pater Nofters;

Bu

T

But all th' Religion they could find, Was th' empty Carcase left behind, Mangl'd, without the Head or Heart, Depriv'd of every noble Part; With that, they lifted up the Trunk, And cry'd, Habemus eam nunc; But when the Clergy all had feen it, And finding truly nothing in it; They form'd this Project in a Trice, To cheat their filly Biggots Eyes; A huge prepost'rous Paste-board Head, The Priests most exquisitly made, And did with Colours fo contrive To make it look as if alive; Then plac'd it on Religion's Shoulders, To cheat the credulous Beholders. Huge Legs too, they compos'd of Plaster, That the poor Trunk might stand the faster. Her Arms of Massy Brass they made, The better to defend her Head;

And

And when fo far they had proceeded, That she was legg'd, and arm'd, and headed The empty Carcase to replete With fomthing to improve the Cheat, They stuff'd (to gull believing Fools) With Reliques, and false Miracles, And fuch like Toys, by whose Affistance. The Sides were kept at proper Distance, Which if it had not been for that, By this time would have fall'n fo flat, That the poor patch'd prepost rous Puppit, Must needs have been much more decrepit. When thus their Monster they had rais'd, The Priests their ill-shap'd Idol prais'd, And cry'd, Here only's to be found, The true Religion fafe and found; Forgetting England had the Heart, The Head, and ev'ry noble Part. So Romish Priests, like those poor Fellows. That live by shewing Punchionello's,

Make their own Puppets, then invite Poor Fools to wonder at the Sight.

CANTO XIII.

Six stately Flanders Horses draw
A gallant Lady of Renown,
Some sew Miles distance out of Town,
To meet a Spark of no great Honour,
Whose chief Dependence was upon her;
And when with eager Arms she ad met
Those Joys she went so far to get,
And eas'd what will remain: We see
A raging Itch in Quality.
Methoughts I saw her Honour rise,
And wink and pink her drowsy Eyes,

C 2

As if she wish'd with all her Soul -To have a Woman's Belly full Of what young Harry gave to Dol; But finding little hopes of more, And that the pleasing Game was o'er, Her grateful Offering she made, And feem'd content with what she had Rewarding all his kind Behaviour According to the Joy he gave her: So aft'r a Curfy, and a Kifs, Protesting she was only his, Away in hafte her Coach-man drove her In quest of some more strenuous Lover; For Women, if they once are lewd, They'll lie and swear by all that's Good They're only yours, when ev'ry Whore Will vow the like to twenty more; Yet twice a Day methoughts I found Her prostrate upon facred Ground,

With fuch Devotion in her Face, Mix'd with that Gravity and Grace, That when at Church she put the Saint on, No Mortal would have thought her wanton; Yet could she turn a very Devil. T' indulge her Luft with carnal Evil. Thought I, tho' Grandeur puts a Blind On Great Folks Vices, yet I find Rich Harlots, who are fo devout, That ride in Coach and Six about, Are lewd as those that walk on Foot; Only this Diff'rence we may make, The rich Whores give, the poor ones take. When at these Wonders I had gaz'd, A mighty Man my Fancy rais'd, Seated in open rural Chariot, That People might the better stare at; The flaming Beau, who like a God Appear'd, so proud, as if he aw'd Whole Kingdoms with Majestick Nod;

With

A Troop of Servants mostly arm'd To keep their L-d from being harm'd, Mounted on Hunters, Pads, and Tits, Came riding after thro' the Streets: The Charioteer drove on in hafte, The Servants posted on as fast; But who should prove his Pomp-degraders, But a long Train of unpaid Traders, Who follow'd not to wait upon him, But at his Baiting-place to dun him. Some spurr'd their Jades in mighty Hurry, And curs'd his Honour in a Fury; Others cry'd out, Is this his way To name a certain Day to pay, And then to thus steal out of Town A Week before the Time comes on? Since he, to fliam us, does begin? Egad we'll plague him at his Inn; And fearing neither Frowns or Curfes, Still dun him on, 'till he difburses.

Tis strange, thought I, that Men of Title Should make their Noble Selves fo little, To be by fuch a craving Brood Of Trades-men, baited and pursu'd For a few Shillings, Pence, and Pounds, Worse than the noble Stag by Hounds; Whilst by their Vices and Debauches, Whores, Bawds, and Gamsters, keep their Coaches. At last, methoughts I saw a Throne, And Mercy feated thereupon: Her noble Enfigns all difplay'd, Flying around her shining Head, To fignify to all the Nation, Her tender Pitty and Compassion; Her charming Eyes much brighter shone, Than all the Glories of the Sun; And ev'ry Feature look'd more bright, Than Luna in a Winters Night. No fooner had flie took her Place, And shown her kind inviting Face,

But Crowds of mighty Men became

Most humble Suiters to the Dame.

At last a Man of double Honour,

Fixing his am'rous Eyes upon her;

Did with a courtly kind Behaviour,

In humble Words implore her Favour.

Mercy with that, began to change
Her Countenance, and looking strange
Upon him, told him, that she wonder'd
How he, of all the many hundred
That stood before her, thus could Face her,
And with such Considence address her?
Have you not done, says she, of late
Those Cruelties you know I hate,
And by your want of Human Mercy,
Bound num'rous Families to curse ye?
Have you not done things out of Season,
And injur'd others for no Reason?

But that your Malice, Int'rest, Pride, And all your vicious Lusts beside, Might be the better gratify'd. No, no, fays Mercy, I abhor ye, Withdraw, for I've no Favour for ye. Next him, another Don as great, Loaded with Honour and Estate, Approach'd her Presence like a Beau, Made three long Slides, then bowing low. Told her, he was a Man of Honour, Therefore presum'd to wait upon her; Hoping his Quality and Birth, And large Possessions here on Earth, Would move her Heav'nly Grace to fave, By her kind Smiles, her humble Slave. This fawning Speech made Mercy frown, And look as Stern as Justice down; Altho', fays she, your G-can boast High Honours, and a pow'rful Post,

Yet 'tis not all the glitt'ring Pomp, Or Honours, that a Prince can stump, That will engage my righteous Mind To shew that Pitty you would find. Have not those wicked, base, unjust, Enfiraring Agents, that you truft, Seduc'd young Creatures to your Luft? Have not large Promises betray'd Young Beauties t'y'r adult'rous Bed? And when by Baits you've drawn 'em in, And taught poor Innocence to Sin, Have you not then with Scorn and Scoff, Broke all your Vows, and cast them off? And to retrench the keeping Charge, Turn'd 'em a Drift, to Sin at large; Which they pursue, 'till Beauty fails, And then for Debt, they die in Jayls, Or rot in loathfom Hospitals. My L-d, if you had call'd fometimes Into your Thoughts, these heavy Crimes,

Tho' you're fo Great, you would have never Came hither to have fought my Favour; For how can he that does neglect All Rules of Vertue, e'er expect My Mercy, (tho' a Man of Title) Who all his Life has shown so little? Next him, a bold brifk Man advanc'd, Expecting to be countenanc'd; To Mercy's Throne full low he bow'd, Then made this homely Speech aloud. Madam, fays he, by all that's Good, I love you with my very Blood: I've shar'd the Influence of your Smiles. Even in Battels, and in Broils, And never from your Dictates swerv'd, But always have your Rules observ'd; Not only among Human Nature, But Cat and Dog, and every Creature. I therefore hope from your just Throne, To find that Mercy I have shown;

For all these C——s have so little, They'll not afford a Man a Tittle.

Says Mercy, you that love to shew me,
Shall always have a Title to me;
But he in Pow'r, that shall refuse me
To such as would to others use me,
Shall, when he needs me, always find
I'll leave him begging far behind,
Expos'd to the Contempt of those
His want of Mercy made his Foes.
When thus she'd spoke, the lovely Dame
Flew up to Heaven, from whence she came,
And left the rigid World to shew
Severity, where Mercy's due.

FINIS.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part the Ninth.

CANTO XIV.

HE Sun advancing as I lay, and and would do yell

My Whimfies vanish'd all away,

Unable to endure the Light, an human shive hook hear shirt had daw

Like wand'ring Ghosts, that walk by Night;

Who, as our learned Spirit-Raisers,

And Cat-ey'd Apparition-Gazers M of his guidant of human

Aver, are seldom to be seen,

But when the Batts and Owls begin things chemenated and one as the series.

To open their ill-boding Throats, and shirt a stall this guidant.

And fright us with their foreaming Notes; II you be noted. This is a stall this guidant.

Which, as old Nurses say, portend Sick Mortals to be near their End, And that the froward Babe, posselt Of Horse-shoe Mould, and narrow Chest, Will change, the next revolving Moon, His Cradle for an Angel's Crown, And leave his weeping Mother forry To fee this State fo transitory. When thus my Visions all were fled, And I left waking in my Bed, By th' Eastern Sun-beams in my Eyes, I found 'twas now high time to rife, And like good Housewife, mind my Knitting, With that Industry which was fitting; For Knitting, tho' by Gammar Biddle Confin'd to Stocking and to Needle, Yet 'tis a Word that, by the by, May other Bus'ness signify.

Upright I sate a while in Bed,

First scratch'd my Elbows, then my Head,

A Trick we learn when Boys, and then Retain the Habit 'till we're Men, As Stories by our Nurses told, Will still infect us when we're Old : Besides, in such warm Times as these, When Malice bites much worse than Fleas, And Envy strikes at Human Ease, A Man may find true Cause of Scratching, Without the common Reason, Itching. But finding little Consolation In melancholy Rumination, And recollecting as I fate, An Adage of an ancient Date, That 'tis our Prudence to endure With Patience what we cannot cure. From thence concluding all those Fears And Thoughts, that magnify our Cares, Were but the Marks of Human Folly, I shifted off my Melancholy, Take dura land aver

Rifing with full as good a Will syed neith merol ew hari A As Lover that had Kiss'd his Fill, or wallist midell said and A And stole away from sleeping Bride, and the velocity Who waking, ne'er was fatisfy'd. When thus erect, in dext'rous Haste I button'd Britches round my Waste, And flipp'd on all that modern Pride By a poor Fig-leaf once supply'd; Then by the Help of Razor, Ball, months and south of Comb, Powder, and the Dev'l and all, and obtain mailed all Improv'd my Face, as well as Figure, in the first of the land of 'Till I appear'd all Youth and Vigour, in Les gambelloser la Looking as brisk as Play-house Whore, the the ha agabA al New painted up at Thirty Four, and and and and and the Who had full Twenty Years in Town Retail'd her Favours up and down the subushnes somet and Till she had burnt with Claps and P xes and guodil More standing Ware than Sampson's Foxes to shall sait sud and For 'tis become a modern Rule Inited off my Melancholy To act like Knave, and dress like Fool, That Kiffng

That Cloths the better may difguile-The Rogu'ry that within us lies. The very Saint loves outward Show, And tiffles up like any Beau. The most precise invet'rate Whig Goes loaded now in Whores-hair Wig, Who us'd, in spight to High-Church Pride, To wear but nine Hairs of a Side. The teaching Saint, in Times of Tore, The Pot-lid Hat demurely wore, Beneath whose Umbrage was a Face Screw'd into Gravity and Grace, That Hum-drum's, Hypocritick Look Might fuit with Puritannick Cloak, To make Fools think he was no less Than Good, by's Apostolick Dress: out now each canting Knipper-doling las left off that Extream of Fooling; and tho' their Stiffness can't comply With the establish'd Liturgy,

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Yet have they fo conform'd their Cloths, As to become most zealous Beaus, Hoping by their external Pride, To gain the Ladies of their Side, Knowing they love to hear the Word By a spruce Guide administer'd, Who, whilst he spins his tedious Pray'rs, Can please their Eyes, as well as Ears, And lend them Masculine Assistance. When feeble Spouse is at a Distance; To fanctify the good fat Fowls, And bless the Wine that chears their Souls, That by the Force of Cap'n and Claret, The Flesh may conquer Holy Spirit. When Poet-like I'd spent some Time

In tagging these my Thoughts with Rime, And had an Hour or two bestow'd In dreffing like a Man of Mode, 'Till all things I'd in Quirpo put Artfully on from Head to Foot; prejuit L'allian

of that Prepare of

Thought I, 'tis strange that Men of Brains Should thus in Dreffing take fuch Pains, And waste one quarter of the Day T' appear so foppish, and so gay; Yet 'tis the Custom of this Nation, For Wits to copy Fools in Fashion So near, that as the Times now go, I must confess 'tis hard to know A modern Poet from a Beau; For both admiring Female Beauty, For Charms that lie above the Shoe-tye, Turn Fops, to please the fickle Gender, In hopes to tempt 'em to furrender. I then stept out, like Crop-sick Sinner, To air my Lungs against my Dinner, And gain an Appetite most fitting For one that takes Delight in Eating,

That when I'd strengthen'd Flesh and Blood

With Wine, and some refreshing Food,

ight

I might with Humour brisk and gay, Dispatch the Bus'ness of the Day; Which, when attended with Success, Affords the greatest Happiness That Man's aspiring active Mind, Beneath the Starry Orbs, can find: But if ill-natur'd Fortune croffes Our pleasing Hopes of Gain, with Losses, Then does it prove fo great a Curfe, That nothing can on Earth be worfe Thus Bus'ness is to Human Life, it evode sai their said The true Resemblance of a Wife: If she proves well, she is a Blessing; If not, a Curse beyond expressing. But as I gently fail'd along was shaken and the The Street, among the bufy Throng, I met an old establish'd Whig, That look'd as fowr, and fwell'd as big, As if some Jacobitish Rumour Had put the Hot-spur out of Humour.

Old Friend, faid I, I'm glad to fee thee So hearty, and fo well; but prethee What makes thee now appear fo furly, That us'd to cant it fo demurely? Says he, 'twould make a Saint run mad, To fee things go fo very bad, At fuch a Juncture too, Ads-Fish, When we have all that Heart can wish. I find, faid I, your're Idem Semper, Still troubl'd with the old Distemper; Must grumble on, altho' your Sect Have more than you could well expect. But who can wonder, that your Pride And Av'rice ne'er are satisfy'd; Since nothing e'er could stop your Raving, The more you have, the more you're craving? But Man, fays he, I'll tell thee what, alarmon of We've found fuch Difference of late up a large of late up Betwixt a modern Whig, whose Crast Has flily rais'd him upcaloft, somether most regard most ment a And

And what he feem'd to be before

He climb'd to Honour and to Pow'r,

That no Man would have thought the Creature

Could so have chang'd his former Nature;

And that Court Air and Conversation

Could make so strange an Alteration.

But why, faid I, should that seem strange, That Whigs in warmer Climes should change? Since Worms and Maggots, as 'tis faid, Turn Flies, if in the Sun-shine laid, Then sporting with their Wings, they tow'r, And fuch the Sweets of ev'ry Flower; Disdain the lowly Dirt that fed 'em, And foorn the very Filth that bred 'em? Thus turning, as their Wings grow great, High-Flyers now, that crawl'd of late. So worthless Mortals, mean by Birth, Greep humbly o'er the dusty Earth; 'Till rais'd by Fortune, and by Fame, Then foon forget from whence they came,

And Lord it o'er their Fellow-Creature,

As if their Pride had firetch'd their Stature

Above the Pitch of Human Nature.

But fince thou feem'ft to have a Sense

Of fome uncommon Difference

Between a Whig in Office put,

And the fame Zealot when he's out;

Disclose your Thoughts, and let me hear

What diff'rent Characters they bear?

And how they alter their Behaviour,

When once crept into Fortune's Favour?

Says he, fince you desire to know tem, the state of the s

I'll in their proper Colours show 'em;

And you will find, when once you've feen 'em,

As much Disparity between em, di le gaire d'antiliant bat

As e'er was found in Servant Maid, and the same of the

Before fhe was to Sin betray'd, and we have now man I

And after the has flood the Thruft, if word I nov dadward

To fatisfy her Master's Lust,

Refide

And from her Scrubbing and her Sweeping,

Is for her Charms, advanc'd to Keeping.

Marry, said I, at this same Rate,

The Diff'rence must be very great;

F'r a Servant made her Master's Whore,

Tho' humbl' and diligent before,

Grows twice as proud as Lucifer.

But prethee, Friend, without Delay,

Let's hear what 'tis you have to say.

A Whig, fays he, o' th' City fort,

That's unacquainted with the Court,

I justly must define to be

A Man of pure Integritie;

One, who by seeking out the Lord,

And constant hearing of the Word,

Does so abound in saving Grace,

That you may read it in his Face;

By which you'll know him at a View,

As eas'ly as you can a Jew:

Besides, he never swears an Oath Beyond his Conscience or his Troth, Nor Lies, except to let us fee, That no Man is from Error free. He hates the Vanity of Kings, And Pomp of all fuch useless Things, Scorning those Idolizing Affes That bow to either Crowns or Croffes, the land the land Except it be to those we find a second and a second a second and a second a second and a second a second and a second and a second and Stamp'd on our Silver when its Coin'd. All Right to Rule, he does premife had and on restarion Did from Agreement first arise, And that our K-s, for all their Vapours, Are but the People's Under-strappers. Government he declares to be a second of the second back Built up by Human Policie; least and to an in thrima And that the Saints may change its Nature As oft as they can form a better. He owns no more, for all our Struggle, Of Jus Divinum in the Juggle, and de de moder la lange of

des,

Than in a Pack of Cards, where Kings And Knaves beat all their Underlings He Tooth and Nail aloud denies All Titles fetch'd beyond the Skies Or Pow'r, but what the People grant By folemn League and Covenant; And dare affirm, by Dint of Reason, In spight of Law, that calls it Treason, That if the Monarch strains a Point. And knocks the Balance out of Joint, Whate'er he thus should do, to force The Springs beyond their legal Course, Can merit no Denomination, But Tyranny and Usurpation: And this old Argument he brings Against th' incroaching Pow'r of Kings. If Subjects do the Compact break, Their Lives and Fortunes are at Stake: Then how must those that rule the Roast, Be punish'd when th' abuse their Trust?

Next thefe, a stanch old Whig is he, and there has Wh' untainted with Authority, got one godo mail soggett 20 Is one, that for the publick Good, or when a sent one a'dl' Will venture Fortune, or his Blood, Or is at least so very crafty, To fay he'll do't for common Safety: In all things, he declares to be The war real ways and the self-For Liberty and Propertie; And e'er he would be mulct one Penny Harman and the state and By King or Bishop, or by any But Parliament, he'd draw his Dagger, And like a true old Roman Swagger, and the state of the s Or whet his Pen-knife, or his Razer, And turn a Brutus unto Cafar. In's Principles he's stiff and stout, And is fo flurdily devout, He scorns to b' either led or drove . Through A to rolled all To what his Conscience can't approve Thus, fooner than he'd change his Path, He'd die a Martyr for his Faith; And

Next

And rather would embrace a Rope Or Fagget, than obey the Pope.

He's one that firmly does maintain
Himself a true Republican;
And that he means the Nation's Good
In all things that a Subject shou'd.
Thus he pretends, where e'er he goes.
These are the outward Signs he shows,
But what is in him, Heaven knows.

I find, faid I, you only fcan,
As yet, the Outfide of the Man,
As Boys at School, where I have feen 'em
Do Verse, before they know what's in 'em:
But fince you've drawn the Saint, before he
Has rais'd himself to Pomp and Glorie,
Pray now proceed, and let me see
The Zealot in Authoritie;
His Justice, Mercy, and good Nature,
When climb'd above his Fellow-Creature.

Says he, I grieve at the Occasion,
But yet will speak without Evasion.

A modern Whig, when once he feels
The pleasing Warmth of S— smiles,
He shifts his Principles, and then
Loves Int'rest just like other Men.
So when the Sun does hottest shine,
The subtle Serpent sheds her Skin:
And changing thus the Coat she wore,
Becomes more speckled than before.

The honest Man, of whom we speak,

Once so Religious, and so Meek,

Who rav'd at others Faults aloud,

To please, and to amuse the Crowd;

No sooner is he rais'd on high,

His mod'rate Management to try,

But all his old pretended Zeal

For th' Welfare of the Common-weal,

Most basely dwindles in a trice

To Pride, Revenge, and Avarice,

Says

And

That his old Love he soon withdraws

From us, the Champions of the Cause.

So Chanticlear, that takes a Loose

From Muck-hill to the 'Top o' th' House;

Flutt'ring his Wings, does proudly Crow

O'er all the cackling Train below.

Altho' before he loudly cry'd

Against all those that misapply'd

The publick Stock to their own Uses,

T' enrich themselves by such Abuses;

Blaming his envy'd Predecessors

For vile and treacherous Transgressors,

In sinking, by their crafty Stealth,

The bubbl'd Nation's publick Wealth:

Yet when himself, thro' R—— Grace,

Is chosen into Pow'r and Place,

The self-same Failings soon appear

Blots in his own new Character;

For what before he render'd odious,

He now finds useful and commodious;

So reconciles each gainful Cheat To be a lawful Perquesite; And to heap up an ill-got Store, Out-does the K-that went before: Thus one R-will another blame For Ills, and spread abroad his Shame; But when himself obtains a Place Of Trust, quite fearless of Disgrace; He proves more greedy, and more base. The publick Good, which was his Tone, Is now less minded than his own. Conscience, that wary faithful Guide, Religion, Justice, Grace beside, Which us'd to be his whole Discourse, Are now made servile to his Purse. His Av'rice does his Morals blind, And folves all Scruples of the Mind. No Favour to his Friends he shows, Nor Human Mercy to his Foes: Honesty ebbs, as Int'rest flows.

His Moderation's quite forgot, Altho' he's for no Party hot; For like a Rook at Gaming-Table, Whilst others wrangle, bet, and squabble, The Cards he does with Cunning deal, And cheats all Sides with equal Zeal. Tyrannick arbitrary Sway, At which he bellow'd ev'ry Day, And made fo much a Rout about it. When all Men knew we were without it, He would be now for exercifing, As if he thought that Tyrannizing Would prove effential to his Rifing. So does the Pious Dame, in Passion, Her Venom spit at Fornication; But warm'd with Lust, she's soon prevail'd on To act the very Sin she rail'd on. a malagraph No doubt The Cause for which he us'd to squabble, He now but values as a Bauble,

And is so far from being Low-Church, That Int'rest has confirm'd him No-Church, Which is alone the wav'ring Guide, That leads him o'er to any Side, And makes him still appear most hearty For those that prove the gainfull'st Party. So cunning Pleaders strain the Laws, And wrangle for the richest Cause; Which shews, that Gold is the Ascendant That wins for Plaintiff, or Defendant. The very Friends that rais'd him high, In hopes of Benefit thereby, That so applauded all his Gifts, And us'd so many subtle Shifts To make our Tribe believe no other, But that he was a faithful Brother: Nay, we that magnify'd his Merit, And prais'd his Anticrown-head Spirit, Extoll'd his Qualities and Graces, And all his old Republick Paces;

And

Yet notwithstanding all our Arts To rend'r him as a Whig of Parts, Deserving truly of our Hearts, Now Great, he looks no more upon us, Than if the Trimmer ne'er had known us, Tho' we, like Pack-threads to a Kite, Were Means to mount him to his Height. So th' Vintner, when he first begins, Submits to all our Drunken Sins, And to gain Custom and Applause, Bows low with ev'ry Pint he draws: But when grown Rich, he looks awry On Fools that rais'd him up fo high, its hand que of The sharper too, who'as long depended On him, by whom he'as been befriended, When once kind Fortune Rich has made him, Disdains the very Hand that fed him. The humble Look, and formal Grace, and heart land That fanctify'd his meagre Face,

From Eye to Chin are chang'd, and now An awful Pride adorns his Brow. His Frowns demand low Reverence, And nods like Comma's point his Sense. Each folemn Promise that he makes, If not with Int'rest back'd, he breaks; Enfnaring even those that love him, Oppressing such that can't approve him, And undermining all above him. He looks with a revengeful Eye On all that at his Mercy lye, And blufters in Authoritie Like Boreas in a Storm at Sea, 'Till hated worse by Men of Sense, Than Flatt'ry or Impertinence. He's scornful, jealous, and severe, Base, false, and proud as Lucifer, And thinks his Rife but justly due To Merits, which he ne'er could shew.

Tho' Rich and Great, he's me'er at Eafe, But reftless as the rowling Seas, Which are to Rage fo much inclin'd, They swell with ev'ry Blast of Wind. His Trust he does but ill discharge; His Pow'r is exercis'd at large. The Bags which do his Coffers load, Are gain'd by Sinistry and Fraud. Gold is the Magnet whose Attraction Commands his Heart in ev'ry Action; To that his Avaricious Soul Points like the Needle to the Pole: By that alone he steers his Course, And yields to its prevailing Force. In fhort, his Malice and Ambition, His Avaricious Disposition; His Pride, his Cruelty, his Hate, His hafty Temper to be Great;

His Heat, his Fury, and his Passion,
Makes him appear to all the Nation,
The meer Reverse of Moderation.

Said I, if one dissenting Brother
Can speak no better of another,
But little K—s upbraid the big,
And Whig thus raves and rails at Whig.

Well may the Church expect no less
Than Usage infamously base.

From such a spiteful stubborn Race.

His

FINIS.

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CANTO XV.

Aving thus heard from Holy Brother,
One Whig's Opinion of another;
Says he, Your Servant; Friends must part.
I'm yours, said I, with all my Heart.
Thus humbly shew'd my self as civil
As Doctor Edwards to the Devil;
So kindly bidding each farewel,
Like sighting Mares, we both turn'd Tail;
And had not Decency forbid,

Like them too we had kick'd and neigh'd;

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For all the friendly Love between us, Was from Teeth outwards, not within us. So fawning Courtiers often meet, And bow to one another's Feet, Who feek, by Means profoundly base, To bring each other to Difgrace. When thus I'd gladly turn'd my Back Upon a Knave of Calvin's Pack, And rescu'd my impatient Senses From all his dull Impertinences, It being a Whitfun Holy-day, When Prentice Boys have Leave to play, I rambled on from Street to Street, To fee what Pastimes I could meet; And as I wander'd up and down With twenty Crotchets in my Crown, Begot by fundry pretty Sights, And various giddy-brain'd Delights, By Lovers Ages fince appointed To bring young Men and Maids acquainted,

That all their merry harmless Sporting Might end in Kiffing and in Courting, That Adam's Folly might go round, And Marriage still maintain its Ground; That State which caus'd our Parents Fall, And introduc'd the Dev'l and all. Some Lasses were at Stool-ball sweating, And to and fro their Balls were patting, That longing Youth might stand and see Their airy brisk Activity; And for their nimble Steps and Straddles, Their panting Breafts, and flender Middles, Commend 'em, flatt'r 'em, and admire 'em, And in some other Place desire 'em, Where they, exempt from Fear or Shame, Might play a much more foollish Game. So wanton Jilts, to win Mens Hearts, Oft dance to shew their active Parts, That by their airy nimble Footting, Their lofty Cap'ring, and their Cutting,

They might by Lookers on, be guess'd Most charming Devils when undress'd.

Others in Pairs flept into Coaches, To ride Post-haste to their Debauches; Whipp'd up the Sashes made of Tin, To hide their Impudence within; Tho' what they did when fo inclos'd, I grant can only be suppos'd; But when thus hid from Human Eyes, A jealous Sinner would furmise, That Lovers fomething more were doing, Than just the common Bus'ness Wooing; For she that will admit her Spark To bear her Comp'ny in the Dark, Most certainly excludes the Light, To do the Bus'ness of the Night.

Among the rest, were booted Cits,

Mounted on Galloppers and Tits,

Whose Spurs are new, and eke their Bridles,

As often as they mount their Saddles.

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Some had their Wives, and some their Jades, Trick'd up behind on ambling Pads, Wrapp'd up in Dust-Gowns, richer far Than Quality presume to wear, Beribbonn'd down from Head to A---fe, Like any Lord May'r's stately Horse. Their stiff Commodes in Triumph star'd Above their Fore-heads half a Yard. With Top-knots, which did bobbing answer The Motions of each Lady's Prancer; That by their Heads, a Man might know Whether the Nag that mov'd below, Walk'd, Trotted, Gallopp'd, Pac'd, or Ambl'd, And also when he tripp'd or Stumbl'd: For as a Friggat's Pendant shows When the Wind veers, and how it blows; So by the Flip-flap, and the Nod Of Madam's Top-knot and Commode, We knew what Pace the Jennet trod;



And could, without a Wizards Senfe, Judiciously infer from thence, If Madam fate with Eafe, or whether She rode in Danger of her Leather? Thus drefs'd like Goddeffes of May, The Ladies, as a Man may fay, Rid Post, because in great Decorum; Their Husbands rid with Horns before 'em So large, they could not chuse but shew 'em, Altho' they did not care to blow 'em: The Reason's plain, because they fear'd They should alarm the City Herd; Knowing where Cuckoldom goes round, A Horn must give an odious Sound, Ingrateful to the Ears of those, Upon whose fruitful budding Brows The shameful Crest in Triumph grows. So a Welsh Thrummer's flaving Ass, That carr's his Harp from Place to Place,

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Teaz'd with the Instrument he bears, Its Sound grows odious to his Ears.

Thus did the fundry Female Troops, Conducted by their Ninconpoops, In featt'ring Numbers, jostling meet, And raise the Dust in ev'ry Street; Some going East, and others West; Some to be Kiss'd, and others Press'd; Some to behold fine Chelsea Colledge, Others to Epsom and to Dulledge, To rince their Infides first with Water, And when that's done, to foul 'em a'ter. So beauteous Dames of high Renown, In Summer, leave the vicious Town, For Tunbridge or the Bath, to clean Their Charms without fide and within, But oft perverting their Intent, Return when three Months Time they've fpent, Much more poluted than they went.

DIA

Thus London-Cuckolds and their 'Spouses, Young Merchants, and their Jilts and Huzzies, Rich Vintners mounted on their Pads, Fat Vict'lars on their founder'd Jades, Match'd with fuch red-fac'd Blowzabella's, That by their tawny Hides and Tallows, A Man might know them to be Fellows. Mounted on hirling Tits, who cost But Eighteen Pence a Side at most: Leaden-Hall Butchers, with their Brides, Whose Buttocks had devour'd their Sides, Mounted on Scrubs that us'd to fcowr, Upon a Trot, eight Miles an Hour. These mix'd with Brewers, and their Mopsies, Half dead with Timpanies and Dropfies, For want of taking timely Warning Against huge Draughts of Ale i'th' Morning, Mounted on Pads that take small Pains, Puff'd up like Hogs with Goods and Grains,

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And, like their Riders, wanted Breath, To refcue 'em from approaching Death. Some fat-ars'd Sows and lufty Loobies Were got on Gallaways and Hobbies, Scarce half fo big as Jills and Jacks, The poor Tits carry'd on their Backs. All these confus'dly mix'd together, Were jogging on the L-d knows whether, To spend that Time they had to spare I' th' Country Dust, instead of Air, Which flew much thicker, the' not higher, Than Clouds of Smoak from Brewer's Fire; For fuch a Crowd of Trotters, Pacers, Pads, Hunters, Hobbies, Tits, and Racers, Must grind the drowthy Roads to Powder, And raise a most confounded Smother. This Cavalcade bing gone and paft, All scamp'ring out of Town in haste, The finful Troops foon disappear'd, And left the Streets of London clear'd,

Where Shops and Stalls were all flut in, And Paffengers appear'd fo thin, As if some Pestilential Curse, I with him and him and Not the Horn-Plague, but something worse, Had drove the frighted Cucks from thence. To shun the fatal Consequence; At last advancing to the Change, That feem'd, thro' Silence, very strange, Whose Walls, like Babel's Tower, us'd To ecche with strange Tongues confus'd, That humm'd and buzz'd, and made a Pother, To cheat and cozen one another. From this gay Pile I had not gone So far as I could tols a Stone, and and an another and But in my Walk I chanc'd to meet Such aukward Creatures in the Street, Saunt'ring along by two and two and should should all So foolishly, as if they knew i min and to the main grand >

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They gap'd and ftar'd, and crep'd along, And now and then an Arfe they hung, As if the foremost Fools were jealous, That they should loose their hindmost Fellows. Their Limbs all mov'd, from Head to Gammon, As if hung on by Madam Sammon; And fure I am, more antick Faces Were never carv'd on Viol Bases: Some had Hare Lips, and some wry Necks; Some bandy Legs, some crooked Backs; Some squinted, some for Teeth, had Snags At least as long as Cobler's Pegs; Which made them look as if their Mother Had long'd for fome Boar's Head or other. Some had their formal Noddles put In Wigs of the Geneva Cut, and stand of the Williams Such as hung out some Years ago much no about the add and I On Barbers Blockheads for a Show, a dution went quick skil And had no Curl as I could find, tow soit the very their youl? Besides the Duck's-tail Turn behind, boxloom bumsb rieds 10

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As if the Zealots meant to hide,
By humble Drefs, their inward Pride.
So Mifers, who command full Bags,
Take Pleafure to appear in Rags,
The better to preferve their Store,
And cheat the World, to think 'em poor.

Others did most precisely wear Their own lank puritannick Hair, Barb'd to one standard Length, and hung To th' Collar down, or fcarce fo long; For by some formal Tonsor's Care, 'Twas fnipp'd fo round and regular, That one would guess he clapp'd a Bowl On each Enthusiastick Poll. So did his Bus'ness with a Jirk By th' Wooden Cap, to make true Work; That by the Locks on formal Pate, Like Hemp new comb'd, so very strait, They might prevent the World's Suspicion Of their damn'd crooked Disposition.

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Their flapping Hats were of a Size That hung like Bongrace o'er their Eyes, And Panthous like, fo skreen'd the Noddies, No Rain could touch their ill-shap'd Bodies. Their Coats were of fo old a Fashion. As if deriv'd from the Creation, And copy'd by the Thief that made 'em, From the first Taylor, Father Adam. The Sleeve, the Skirt, the Pocket-hole, The Button, nay, the Button-moul', Seem'd by their Make, the very Sort Once worn at Father Abraham's Court. Court may I say without Offence, Because the Scripture does evince, That ev'ry Patriarch was a Prince. Thus habited, the Godly Throng In folemn manner march'd along Dress'd up most exquisitely grave,

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The better to deceive Mankind? a to staw att. H goldquis ... And work those Ills he had defign'd spanned with growing With these, were kindly mix'd together, out another and Their goodly Wives, on Hand-maids rather, Because this nonconforming Sect in blo of to answer the Ne'er Marry as our Laws directorises of the most Living Except when Lands are in the Case, and a state of And then 'tis true they have the Grace noight shit end month To fave their Children from the Flaw is a self of seasons Of being Bastards in the Law and the Law and the Man and the sale The Pious Dames, amongst the rest, do sale will ried yet Advanc'd most primitively dressid; and and the most all The black Silk Hood, with formal Pride in wall warm and First rowl'd, beneath the Chinewas ty'd orutging ent chinese So close, so very trim and neat, I a caw determined ya've in So round, fo formal, fo compleatant who only handant and That not one Jag of wicked Lace, s belirain some musicy Or Rag of Linnen white had Placen's gaining a need I ever Betwixt the black Bag and the Face, vistiliupus flom qui

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Which peep'd from out the fable Hood, Like Luna from a fullen Cloud, That had but just a Hole to show Her beauteous Face to us below. The strait-lac'd puritannick Gown They wore, was of a Colour brown, As was the Country Ale they drank, To make the Spirit brisk and crank, That their Enthusiastick Light Might shine more fancifully bright; For G-d Almighty's Lambs, some fax, Will Tipple too, as well as Pray, And when the Spirit moves 'em to't, Will gratify the Flesh to boot; For Nature will fometimes take place, And Fancy grow too hard for Grace, That Saints in their regen'rate State, So much refin'd from Reprobate,

No more can stop their sinful Courses, When Love and Liquor join their Forces, Than Maids can manage unback'd Horses.

With Aprons green they cover'd o'er Woman's most finful Part before, Except the Tongue, which fome allow Is the more wicked of the two: But why like Milk-maids they are feen So oft i' th' May-day Colour, Green, With which they hide that tempting Spot That caus'd old Adam's Fall, G-d wot, For me, the L-d above us knows, Except (as I suppose) because Eve's Fig-leaf Apron that she wore, The very felf-fame Colour bore? Which decent Shift the modest Dame Invented first to cover Shame. So that in pious Memory Of our old Grannam's Modesty,

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They still retain the verdent Flag, Which puts in Mind each merry Wag, What Care our Mother Eve was in To hide beneath an Apron green, The very Original of Sin, That Adam might not gaze with Wonder At what his lovely 'Spouse had under 5 But that when his wild Herbal Food Had put him in an am'rous Mood, He should be forc'd to court his Bride To lay the Fig-leaf Fence aside, Which tho' for Vertue we agree Was but a thin Security, Yet well confid'ring Adam's Diet, A fmall Defence might make him quiet; For he that for his Living Grazes, But little minds his Wife's Embraces. High Feeding 'tis that makes us jolly, And prompts the wanton Flesh to Folly:

This moves the Lambs of Grace to play, And leads too oft their Flocks aftray; For tho' they look that one would think They weigh'd their Vict'als and their Drink, For fear they should by chance exceed Their Stint of Liquor, Meat, or Bread; Yet were you once but to inspect. The Lives of this reforming Sect, You'd find no greater Gormondizing Than daily they are exercifing; For tho' they look, and tho' they drefs; As if avers'd to Wickedness, And wear fuch Holy Signs without 'em, As if they hid no Vice about 'em: Yet notwithstanding all their Shew Of Grace, in private they pursue. Their Pleasures just as others do. So have I feen at Christ'ning-Feast, A Harlot fo demurely dreft,

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she look'd as modest as a Maid That ne'er had been to Sin betray'd, When in her private Conversation Sh'ad Lust enough to damn a Nation, And tire the whole Male Generation. As thus I strol'd along the Street, Such Gangs and Parcels did I meet Of these quaint primitive Dissemblers, In old Queen Befs's Days call'd Tremblers; For their sham Shaking, and their Shivering, When the kind Spirit was endeavouring With Flint of Paith, and Steel of Grace, To strike a Light, as now-a-days We have it in a modern Phrase, To illuminate the Tenebrofity Of Conscience with some strange Curiosity In Holy Matters, that they might, By vertue of their new-found Light, Discover some untrodden Path, As wild and crooked as their Faith.

I gaz'd at every Annanias. Who feem'd fo ferious, and fo pious, And walk'd fo stiff, as if they meant To govern ev'ry Step they went By the Rules of the Old Testament; Mix'd with their Sarab's and Rebec's, With holy Mein and stubborn Necks, So prim, fo trim, fo chaft and pure, So learn'd in Scripture, fo demure, That any Man that understood but Their Phisiognomies, and wou'd but Inspect their Features, they might find, Nay, read, excepting they were blind, Rachel and Ruth's old Godly Books Reprinted in their very Looks: But could we fearch another Part, And read what's written in the Heart, Perhaps we there at large might fee, In spite of all that Modesty

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That fits on puritannick Brow; O john, come Kifs me now, now, now; For Saint, as well as finful Creature, Alas! must do the Deeds of Nature; For Flesh and Blood, 'till Age prevail, Of all Religions will be frail, And vicious be by Starts and Fits, According to their Appetites. 'Tis not th' external Shew of Grace That dwells upon a Zealot's Face, Or formal puritannick Drefs, That makes 'em wicked e'er the less; For by Experience we have found, That Vertue does no more abound In quirpo Hood, or Pot-lid Hat, In Lute-string Whisk, or Rose Cravat, Than in the flanting high Commode, Or Wig that does the Noddle load. Bullies, whose Courage lies in-Words, Delight to wear huge hacking Swords,

That we by th' Length of their Toledo's, May think 'em to be front Bravado's; But if Fame's Trumpet don't bely 'em, They'll prove rank Cowards when we try 'em." So Puritans, the World to cheat, ·Appear in Garb precifely neat, In hopes the erring Multitude, Because they're grave, may think 'em good; When if we try 'em, we shall find Their Dress is but a Holy Blind The Hypocrites put on, to hide Their Envy, Avarice, and Pride; Besides, Religion, Vertue, Grace, Cannot be feated in the Face; Nor are these Bleffings seen without us, In quaint Apparel worn about us, But are of fuch a Heav'nly Kind, They only can possess the Mind; There form a Conscience, by whose Force We steer an upright steady Course;

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Discharge those Duties that we owe To Heav'n, and all Mankind below; For Mercy, Love, and Charity, The Touch-stone of our Deeds should be. Religious Actions must alone By the good Fruits they bear, be known, And ev'ry Christian-like Intent Be constru'd by the just Event. Tis not a Whine, a Pine, a Groan, A fhaking Head, a canting Tone, A leaning on a Crutched Staff, A Hypocritick Frown or Laugh, That shew the Vertues of the Mind, Or how the Heart does stand inclin'd. Our outwards Actions best will tell, Whether the Mind meant ill or well; Or else short-sighted Human Nature Can no ways judge of's Fellow-Creature; For Human Knowledge first commences From Things demonstrate to our Senses.

What lies beyond's no more or less, Than barely an uncertain Guess.

As these by Notions fill'd my Pate, The scatter'd Flock grew still more great. Creeping as flow as flimy Snail In Vict'lars Cellar fill'd with Ale. I wonder'd, as I march'd along, At this strange puritannick Throng: Thought I, what fudden Reformation Has fanctify'd our English Nation, That Crowds of Ramfy's Saints thus meet At ev'ry Corner of the Street? Thus pond'ring on these Holy Streams Of Zealots, who rely on Dreams; Those old Enthusiastick Cheats, The Products of their Drunken Fits; At last it jump'd into my Head, That at the Time of Whitfun-Tide, The Q-s Yearly think it fitting To hold in Town a Gen'ral Meeting,

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That distant Friends may talk with Friends, The better to effect their Ends. And fome new fubtle Means provide To cozen all Mankind befide. Thought I, fince now I recollect The weighty Bus'ness of your Sect, I'll e'en attend you in the Rear, And fee where 'tis you mean to steer. Accordingly I took my Post, Lieutenant Gen'ral of the Hoft, The better to observe (G-d love 'em) Which way the Spirit meant to move 'em 3 That Ignis Fatuus, which betrays Dall F-ls into erroneous Ways; That flaming Vapour of Conceit, Produc'd i'th' Brain by Slime and Heat; That false Enthusiastick Light Which leads Men wrong, instead of right; That glim'ring Ray, which fiery Zeal Can only to dark Souls reveal;

That Spark, which wifer Heads less mind, Than the poop Lanthorn which we find Seated in Glow-Worm's Arse behind.

FINIS.

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Part the Eleventh.

CANTO XVI.

I stalk'd along a Spaniard's Pace,
Like Hampshire Roger, Ralph, or Will,
Driving his Hogs to Tower-Hill.

From Cornbill up tow'rds Lumbard-Street,
Where Friends in mighty Numbers meet,
The Quaking Zealots, with their 'Spouses,
In solemn Wise all turn'd their Noses,
'Till to an ancient Inn they came,
The Bull and Mouth by Sign and Name:

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So call'd, as I suppose, because Horn'd Zealots there, with gaping Jaws, Roar, when the Spirit moves, aloud Strange Nonsense to a brainless Crowd. At last they came to Holy Ground, On which there stood a Wooden Pound, Where the stray'd Lambs in great Compunction All met together in Conjunction. With one Accord, to feek that Light Which Father Ramfy first, in spite To old King Harry's Reformation, Struck up, to plague the Erglish Nation. By Dint of Elbow, mov'd by Grace, They crowded in a wond'rous Pace; Like zealous Whigs upon St. Michael, Who sweating squeeze in dripping Pickle Into Guild-Hall, that by their buftling Their clawing, clam'ring, and their jostling, They might at last elect a Lord That would with their Designs accord,

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Without the least Consideration, Whether the Work in Agitation, Be right or wrong, be ill or well, . Deriv'd from Heaven, or from Hell? When this fame Slit-deal Tabernacle, Where Coxcombs Crow, and old Hens Cackle, Without a Pulpit, Pew, or Steeple, Had drain'd the Yard of Pen's good People. Amongst the rest, I shuffl'd in, T' observe their Exercise within, And what strange furious Zeal could lead This superfine reforming Breed From the Church-Worship to diffent, That's fo Divinely excellent, To ferve the L-d-like canting Scrubs, With Hypocritick Sighs and Sobs, As if good Heav'n, who loves to hear, From contrite Heart, a chearful Pray'r, Was pleas'd with the prepost'rous Fancies Of frantick Saints bereaft of Senses.

No fooner had I fqueez'd my Carcafe Near to the Foot of Gall'ry-Staircase, But fuch a Humming, as I live, Went thro' the penitential Hive, Mix'd with fuch hollow Sighs and Groans, Express'd with such pathetick Tones, That would have mov'd a Wall of Flint, Except the D--- l had been in't, To've eccho'd back by Repetition, Their woeful, finful, fad Condition. As for my part, I flood amaz'd, And thought the whole Assembly craz'd, And that their melancholy Fits Had quite depriv'd 'em of their Wits; For who'd imagine Human Nature, So wife, fo rational a Creature, Should think to work out their Salvation By fuch strange forc'd Diffimulation. I strast of the Their stiff-neck'd Pride disdain'd to shew That Rev'rence which to Heav'n is due,

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But on their Haunches did they fit, In crowded Gall'ry, and in Pit, To Squeez'd up like Holy-day Spectators At one of R-ch's lewd Theatres. Had Hodmedod's and Prestor John's Been mix'd with Sarazens and Huns, Or Irih wild, and Scotch Highlanders, Been join'd with fullen Boars from Flanders, They'd not have made, with all their odd Looks, A Composition of such bad Looks. A Shew of fuch uncommon Faces, Such Pouts, fuch Grins, and fuch Grimaces, As grac'd this whining Congregation, Were fure beyond all Imitation: No Roman Artist e'er could draw The strange Variety I saw: Such Leers and Snears, fuch frowning Glances, Such strain'd ill-favour'd Countenances, Were ne'er touch'd up to like Perfection In Michael Ang'lo's Refurrection;

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Nor was the Scene I'm representing,
Unlike that Sacred Piece of Painting;
For those that did to Gall'ry rise,
Cast up tow'rds Heav'n their wishing Eyes,
Whilst those that sighing sate below,
Look'd down, as if they meant to show
Which way they were decreed to go.

In this Surprize I stood a while,
And sometimes cough'd to hide a Smile
For Flesh and Blood, that did but see
Their Looks, and their Hypocristy;
The Postures of the Zeal-mad Noddies,
The Motions of their Heads and Bodies,
Could not forbear a Laugh, to smother,
At some odd Passage or another.
Some held their Hands upon their Jaws,
As if the Tooth-Ach was the Cause,
Whilst other Zealots thump'd their Breast,
As if with Grief or Flegm opprest,

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And fuch strange antick Gestures had, That shew'd 'em not devout, but mad, As if old Satan had, in spite Of all their boafted inward Light, Blown out the Heav'nly shining Spark, And left the inward Man i'th' Dark: For Satan is a cunning Fiend, That lies perdue to gain his End, And most industriously invents Strange Ways to disappoint the Saints. At last a Churl, with grizly Beard, Whose Eyes like any Fury's star'd, I'th' Gall'ry from his Seat arose, With Hat pull'd o'er his Beetle Brows, Who when he'ad posturiz'd his Face, And humm'd for some few Minutes Space, As if his hollow Skull had been A Hive fill'd full of Bees within, Who had, by their industrious Pains, To Wax and Honey turn'd his Brains;

For the long Speech he did transmit,
Was sometimes hard, and sometimes sweet.

I say, when he with great Devotion.

Had waited thus the Spirit's Motion,

At last he thump'd his working Breast,

And thus he prattl'd to the rest:

My Friends, the Spirit bids me tell ye,
You're fick, and I am come to heal ye.
I fay, the Plague, the Plague of Sin
Infects you ev'ry Soul within.
Hypocrify, Vain-glory, Pride,
Do o'er the inward Man prefide,
And lead ye to fuch evil Courfes,
That you're turn'd Satan's Hobby-horfes;
With wicked Luft he Shoes your Feet,
And Saddles you with vain Conceit,
Then mounts ye, whips ye, fpurs ye, rides ye,
And with a Twine-Thread Bridle guides ye;

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Teaches you all your wicked Paces, Hurries you on to finful Places, As Country Tinkers do their Asses, Where Darkness does the Light controul, And evil Sports delude the Soul; Where Men grow Drunk, and Women Whorish, And all Abominations flourish. Ah! Friends, fince you're fo oft forbidden, Why will you thus be flav'd and ridden By Satan, that infnaring Fiend, That vile Seducer of Mankind, That Popish Babylonian Lyar, Who dwells in Brimstone and in Fire, That Father of the Scarlet Whore, Who for that Pride we should abhor, Was damn'd, damn'd, damn'd for evermore? Therefore, mistaken Friends, what mean ye To thus for sake the Light within ye? I say, beware, forbear, take heed, Turn Tail about, and stop your speed.

Rend Satan's Bridles from your Necks; Shake off his Saddles from your Backs; Throw off your Rider in a Rage; From his curs'd Service difingage, And when he's down, oppose him, fight him, Trample upon him, kick him, bite him, Subdue him, worry 'm, make him fly, And watch him with as sharp an Eye As now the Low Church do the High: Shew him less Mercy, and more Spite, Than Whig would do a Jacobite; That is, deride him, mock him, fcoff him, And make worse than a Devil of him. This is the way to fnuff the Light, And make the Spirit shine more bright; That Spirit which is mov'd by Grace To guide us to you Heav'nly Place; That Grace which does the Light new vamp, As Oil revives the fading Lamp;

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That Light, by which the Saints in Glory Have truly walk'd by long before ye; That shining Gospel-Light moreover, By which the L-d's Elect discover That Coast, which, free from Rocks and Shelves, Is known to none except our felves. Therefore, my Friends, I fay again, Give Ear unto the inward Man; Observe the Motions of the Spirit, And mind the Light, or (I aver it) You've neither Faith, G-d's Grace, or Hope, But have a darker Way to grope, Than a blind Beggar near a Well, Fumbling without his Dog and Bell, Who nigh him has no Friend or Stranger, Or Staff, to warn him of the Danger. So you that are without the Light, Have nothing to direct you right, But like a Ship in Tempest tost, Whose Compass, and whose Rudder's lost.

You'll loofe your Courfe, and split your selves On Satan's wicked Rocks and Shelves, Where Canibals Infernal wait, Enrag'd with Envy, and with Hate, To feize you, tear you all afunder, And make your finful Souls free Plunder. Therefore I fay, my Friends, beware. Ye fall not into Satan's Snare; For if you do, when once you're taken, The Saints in Heav'n can't fave your Bacon. Besides, when you're in Satan's Clutches, Lock'd fafe beneath his difinal Hatches, He'll use you worse than Doctors Commons, Or those vile Catholicks call'd Romans; Nay, scorch ye, broil ye, boil ye, roast ye, Baist, drudge ye, scald ye, burn ye, toast ye, And put ye in a worse Confusion, Than ancient High-Church Persecution. Therefore, I fay, if you'd inherit The promis'd Land, observe the Spirit;

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Mind ye the Light, and hear the Word, And walk uprightly in the Lord. Abandon all your fleshly Lust, And be to all the Godly just; That is, trade one among another, And deal as Brother should by Brother: But if by chance you deal with those O'th' High-Church, use 'em as your Foes; That is, out-wit 'em ev'ry way; Twill be your own another Day. Deal fharply, warily, and wifely, Cunningly too, and yet precisely, But take this Caution by the by, Be fure you neither Swear nor Lie, For they are deadly Sins, that we The Saints abhor like Popery; But what the Steeple-House calls Cheating, And we the Holy Saints, Out-witting: Alas! it is a Sin fo small, In short, no Sin in us at all,

But a poor Priviledge that's given To th' Saints on Earth by those in Heav'n; For we th' Elect are always bleft With greater Portions, than the rest, Of Worldly Wit, as well as Grace, To arm our felves in ev'ry Cafe Against all Human Snares and Tiles, As well as wicked Satan's Wiles. Therefore to've Wit, and not to use it, Is to despise it, and abuse it: And how d'ye think, fince we enjoy it, The L-1 expects we should employ it, I fay, against the Sons of Baal? And who those are, we know full well, Such as in Triumph long have wore The Trappings of the Scarlet Whore: The Priests of Dagon, those vain Praters, And all their wicked vile Abettors;

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Those who in Whores-Hair hide their Heads, And wear, altho' the L-d forbids, Revengeful Weapons by their Sides, To wound and perfecute the Saints, And awe them from their just Complaints; Those who annoy the Common-weal With Arms of Flesh, and Swords of Steel, And in their drunken wild Diforders, Commit vile, wicked Rapes and Murders: Also against those Hawks and Kites, ... Those Carrion-Crows call'd Jacobites; Those Reprobates that think so odly, And talk so vainly of the Godly. But hold a little, I mistake, My Friends, the Spirit gives a Check, And bids me not be too fevere, But tow'rds 'em some Compassion bear, Because, like us, they will not Sweet But as to those vain wicked People, That worship Organs, Bells, and Steeple;

I fay,

I fay, my Friends, it is no more To over-reach 'em o'er and o'er; No more a Sin, I do aver it, If Light be Light and Spirit, Than 'tis to cherish feeble Nature With a refreshing Cup o'th' Creature; For we the Lambs of Grace, should hate The Wicked and the Reprobate; Make them, like Satan's evil Brood Of Serpents, lick the Dust for Food; Not fuffer them to tyrannize O'er us the Saints in Holy Wife, But let the Righteous undermine 'em, And by the Light of Grace, out-shine 'em, That we may crush the Sons of Dagon, As George for England did the Dragon. But how fhall we th' Elect o'er-power 'em, And in this promis'd Land reign o'er 'em, Except we grow too cunning for 'em?

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Therefore, my Friends, be rul'd by me, Use all your Holy Subtilty, Let no smooth verbal Craft be wanting Altho' the Wicked call it Canting : Out-wit 'em by the Dint of Grace, And coz'n 'em with a Righteous Face, That when they deal w'ye, or imploy ye, They ne'er may gain one Penny by ye, But get by them whate'er you can, The Word fays Godliness is Gain: And ye, my Friends, that have a Mind, May there the Holy Saying find: But still in all you do or fay, Take these Instructions by the way; Follow the Light, that faithful Guide, And you can never step aside. Attend and mind the Spirit's Motions: These, these, my Friends, are Heav'nly Cautions. But ah! my Friends, I plainly see't, The Tares are fown amongst the Wheat:

The Weeds of Satan sprout apace Amidst ye Saints, in spite of Grace. Ah! Friends, the Spirit bids me tell ye, Luxurious Cramming of the Belly, And Tippling like infatiate Sots, O'er Quarts, instead of half Pint Pots, Makes your fwoln Paunches look much fatter, Than Stall-fed Oxen for the Slaughter: Nay, some amongst ye do so tipple, Ye fuck the Pot as Babes the Nipple, 'Till grown beyond all Christian Size, Bloated like Hogs fed up in Styes. Ah! Friends, forbear this vile Excess, Mind the Light more, the Bottle less; For by this fad Abomination, You fcandalize your good Profession; O Moderation! Moderation! For that, you know, will never hurt you; O! Moderation is a Vertue,

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A Vertue which the Saints should prize, And always place before their Eyes. Ah! Friends, would those that are in Pow'r, Talk of it less, and use it more, Satan's Designs would furely perish With those that do our Discords nourish, And Peace thro'out the Land would flourish. My Friends, I must be close upon ye, Another Evil reigns among ye; To ye I speak, who look as thin Ald old King Pharaoh's famish'd Kine: Ah! Friends, the Spirit tells me plainly, The Cause that makes you look f' ungainly. The Deeds of Darkness and Uncleanness, Have brought your Bodies to that Leanness. Ah! Friends, methinks I hear you wish, That no vile Workings of the Flesh, No finful Pleasures of the Night, In black Rebellion to the Light,

Had thus deluded ye aftray, And made ye fubtle Satan's Prey. I say, beware of wicked Woman, She's like an open Field or Common, Where ev'ry Goofe, and ev'ry Afs, Has leave to trample down the Grass: Deliver up the filthy Jade To Satan to be buffetted; Avoid her for a loathfome Sinner, Hell Fire, I tell ye, burns within her; For Satan's Children all are free To'er Oven of Iniquity: There does she bake 'em to a Crust, To fatisfy her flaming Luft; Then leaves the poor repenting Fools To carnal Smiths and Hospitals. Therefore, my Friends, beware, I fay, Of fuch a wanton Dalilah: Were you as brisk, as strong, and bold, As sturdy Sampson was of old,

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Should Satan tempt you to have at her, She'd make you foon as weak as Water. Could you to those Perfections rise Posses'd by Solomon the Wife, How like a Fool you'd look at last, When all your filthy Deeds were past? Could you command the Bank of London, Be rul'd by her, you'd foon be undone. Therefore, my Friends, once more I bid ye Avoid the Snare, or Woe betide ye: Shun, by the Spirit's good Direction, Those Iv'ry Pillars of Destruction; For lo between, there hidden lies A Pit, a Pool, a strange Device, That coft old Adam Paradice. Therefore let no fuch wanton Witches, Bedaub'd with Paint, and stuck with Patches, Trick'd up in vain alluring Cloths, Profane Commodes, and Furbuloes,

Seduce ye with their cunning Wiles, Or tempt ye with their treach'rous Smiles, To stroke their Breasts, or pat their Hips, Or touch their foft alluring Lips; For Kissing is a great Temptation, And F-ll-g an Abomination. But ah! my Friends, that Putting in Is a most beaftly deadly Sin. Therefore the Spirit bids me tell ye, You're damn'd if you purfue this Folly, For Sins committed under Belly. But thou, I fay, amongst the Saints, That want'st the Gift of Continence. Look round the loving Lambs of Grace, Seek out for some inticing Face, Some Rachel, Abigail, or Ruth, That minds the Light, and loves the Truth; And if thou lik'ft her, take her to thee, The Damsel may be glad to know thee:

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Tell her thou lov'ft her for the Light That in her Count'nance shines so bright; Nay, tell her, that thou need'ft must do't, Because the Spirit moves thee to't: But whatfoe'er thou do'ft, I fay, Still do it in a Righteous Way; That is, thy Wife or Hand-maid make her, And not for once, but always take her. Use not the Maid as wicked Varlets Do their lewd Concubines and Harlots, Delude 'em, flatt'r 'em, treat 'em, woe 'em, Debauch 'em, and at last undo 'em, Raise Seed which they refuse to nourish, And leave their Off-spring to the Parish, To be nurs'd up in Lice and Rags By filthy Sluts, and frowly Hags, Till ripe for Newgate, and the Gallows, Or Pimping in some Bawdy Ale-house. Owretched, wicked, vile Transgression! O mad, bad, fad Abomination!

The Laud forbid fuch Sins as these Should reign among the Sons of Peace: No, fure it cannot, cannot be. And yet alas! methinks I fee Some Saints among you leer and look As if you'ad nibbl'd at the Hook; But have a Care, if once you tafte The Bait, ye will be catch'd at last, Like ——, that wicked Sinner, That fornicating old Cord-wainer, Who, to the Shame of our Profession, Was catch'd in the unclean Transgression; She underneath, and he on top, His Breeches down, her Fig-leaf up Therefore when both fides thus agree, and in a blance of T What wicked Doings must there be? O! Shame upon the finful Couple, To scandalize the L-d's Pe-ople, and anothing and if When we with all our Hands and Eyes Disdain such vile Discoveries.

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Therefore, my Friends, abhor fuch Evils, For publick Shame's the Spite of Devils. But should the Flesh, by Dint of Claret, At any time o'ercome the Spirit, So that you can't forbear, be fure, Fer you begin, you bolt the Door, That no informing zealous Brother, Who lies perdue to trap another, Should, to our Friends Difreputation, Detect ye in Abomination. The Sin will give the Spirit Trouble, But to be catch'd in't, makes it double. Therefore, my Friends, I say be wary, Learn to be wife, as well as merry; For if ye bring, thro' Indifcretion, Shame on this Righteous Generation, We'll spew ye out with one Accord From us the People of the L-d; Detest ye, mock ye, scoff ye, flounce ye, Forfake ye, cast ye off, renounce ye,

That Satan, with a wicked Will,

May buffet ye from Head to Heel.

Therefore, my Friends, dread Holy Vi'lence.

The Spirit moves me now to Silence.

FINIS.

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** Hudibras Redivivus, in Eleven Parts. Price 6 d. each.
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CANTO XVII.

What better he had ne'er begun,
I left the formal dreaming Sinners
To creep precifely to their Dinners,
Highly commending one to th' other,
The Labours of their gifted Brother,
Who painfully had fnuff'd the Light,
And made the Spirit shine so bright,
That ev'ry Zealot, as he march'd
Along the Street, so stiffly starch'd,
A 2

Devoutly chew'd the Heav'nly Food,
Not as fat Oxen do their Cud,
But dully shew'd a deep Regard
To th' off-hand Non-sense they had heard.
Some shak'd their pensive Heads, to think
How oft they'd drown'd in wick'd Drink
The inward Man, and made him totter
Like Vessel mov'd by Wind and Water.

Others appearing so dejected,

As if their Brains had recollected

How oft they'd tempted Holy Sister,

And how unlawfully they'd kis'd her,

When the proud Flesh, by Dint of Claret,

Was grown too pow'rful for the Spirit.

In this sad melancholy Pickle

I left the scatt'ring Conventicle,
Shewing their Sorrow for their Sins
In penitential Leers and Grins.

For their Repentance, you must know, Chiefly consists in outward Show. To F

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To Female Vertue 'tis a-kin, For like their Modesty, 'tis feen Without, but feldom found within. I rambled on to Tower-Hill, To view that famous Cittadel, That Terror of the Rich and Great, Where Princes oft have met their Fate; That Jayl for mighty Knaves defign'd, Where Lords and Lyons live confin'd; From whence we ought to learn, that Traytors And Rebels are fuch odious Creatures. That faithful Subjects should contemn, As Company for Beafts, not Men. As I was walking round about, Viewing its rufty Walls without, And fpending fome few Thoughts upon Those Ills that had within been done By Ruffains of the greatest Figure, More cruel far than Woolf or Tygar;

A Man came mounted on a Horfe, No Post-Boy e'er bestrid a worse: I'll therefore first describe the Gennet, And him that strutting fate upon it; And when that's done, I'll let you fee What the fierce Rider prov'd to be. Imprimis, The stupendious Beast Was fixteen Hands in Height at least, And feem'd, as the Spectators faid, By his huge Buttocks, and his Head, Some fuper-annuated Coach-Horfe, Of Flanders Breed, or else a Dutch-Horse. His Back was rounder than a Hog's; His Sides so poor, that some arch Rogues Affirm'd him rescu'd from the Dogs. His Ribs appear'd, as if he eat Nothing but Wrack-staves for his Meat, Except sometimes the Carrion knaw'd The Manger for a Change of Food.

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His Buttocks were adorn'd with Hair Much rougher than a Greenland Bear But Age or Mange had been unkind, And left his Dock quite bald behind, As bare as flat-nos'd Bawd appears Upon the Crown at fixty Years. His Eyes were funk into their Sockets, Deep as the Money in our Pockets, That I profess I cannot tell, Tho' I observ'd him very well, Which would be harder of the two, You to fee them, or they fee you. No Jockey would, I dare engage, Look in his Mouth to know his Age; For ev'ry Feature of the Beaft, Proclaim'd him twenty Years at leaft. Altho' his Sides no Fat could flow, He was too greafy grown below, For ev'ry scabby Heal (confound 'em) Had got a Quaking Pudding round 'em, And were fo weak, and fwell'd with Matter,

That's fore Legs drew his hind Legs a'ter.

Excuse me, Reader, that my Muse
Should such indecent Language use.
I'm forc'd to keck my self, 'tis true;
I wish you may not do so too:
But beastly Words best suit the Nature

Of fuch an ill-look'd beaftly Creature.

The Pace he crawl'd along, I'm fure,
At most, was half a Mile an Hour;
For ev'ry Step he cough'd and wheez'd,
Farted extreamly, often sneez'd,
That he who follow'd him, must find,
By the unsav'ry Whiss behind,
He 'ad nothing in his Guts, but Wind.

His Huckle-bones on either side,
Between 'em did his Rudder hide;
So that his Bob-tail could appear

To none, except they stood i' th' Rear;

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But cover'd the unfeemly Vent So very close, as if 'twas meant Futurely, to prevent his Hay From stealing out the backward way, In case he should be thought deserving Of being longer kept from starving. Yet, notwithstanding all his Graces, His Age, his Poverty, his Paces, His Looks, his ugly Shapes and Failings, His Galls, his Malanders and Ailings; A Bridle did his Head adorn. That old Buceph'lus might have worn, Set forth at no Mechanick Rate, With Studs and Stars, as bright as Plate; Fine Buckles, ornamental Croffes, Restraining Curb, and gilded Bosses, That one could scarce distinguish whether Twas made of Metal, or of Leather. His arched Back a Saddle bore, With Crimfon Velvet cover'd o'er;

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Belac'd as richly, you must know't, As well-kept Harlot's Petticoat. Upon his raw-bon'd Buttocks, lay A Crupper cloath fo rich and gay, That any C----'s prancing Gennet Might, without Scorn, have travell'd in it Thro' Cheapfide down to Blackfry'rs Stairs, And no Dishonour to our M-rs. Altho' in Flesh the Beast was poor, He was fo rich in Furniture, That the lame, hide-bound, founder'd Jade Appear'd bedeck'd from Arfe to Head, Like an old worthless, wither'd Bawd, Who'ad vainly on her felf bestow'd A gawdy Gown, and fine Commode. The Rider, who was got a straddle On this alluring noble Saddle, Which, tho' 'twas very rich and gay, Look'd fomething ancient, by the way,

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Was proudly dress'd from Head to Arfe, Almost as splendid as his Horse. An English Face the Hero had, But 'twas with Flemish Whiskers made, So incoherent, and fo frightful, So very ugly, and fo spightful, That no Dutch Wizard could advance, Or Skipper, when he's drunk with Nantz, A more Infernal Countenance. An old long Wig he'ad on, as black As th' Infide of a Small-coal Sack, Tuck'd in behind t' a Silken Purse, No Play-house Fury wears a worse, Or Barber's Block in Drury-Lane Was e'er difgrac'd with fuch a Mane. To shew his Impudence, or Pride, His Hat was cock'd on ev'ry fide, With Brims contiguous to the Crown, Like blust'ring Bully of the Town.

His Coat had Silver Button-holes, And Buttons large as Tennis Balls, Such as each gawdy brainless Beau Us'd to affect ten Years ago, His vain Extravagance to show; Or fuch as Church-Ward'ns often wear, When they at Parish-Feasts appear, Where the good Brethren o'er their Liquor, Contrive much fafer Ways, and quicker, Than had been us'd by Knaves already, To cheat the Hungry, and the Needy. His Boots, altho' 'twas fultry Weather, Took up at least a Hide of Leather, That in each Top he might have worn A Peck, if not a Strike of Corn, To 've comforted, in time of Need, The Vitals of his drooping Steed. His Legs might well their Safety boaft, And fcorn the Rubs of stubborn Post, blue ring Bally

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For the flout Armour they had got, Might stand the Force of Musket-shot, Or bid Defiance in his Way, To the rough Squeeze of Coach or Dray. For Use and Ornament together, For one or both, I know not whether, Each threat'ning, terrifying Heel, Like fighting Cock, was arm'd with Steel, Pointed like Spokes of Cath'rine-wheel. The Leathers buckl'd on before, To make the Weapons more fecure, Were very broad, as if defign'd To hide the pointed Spears behind, That when the poor diffressed Jade, By chance should turn his jolter Head, His dim Beholders should not see-The Causes of his Misery, Those dreadful Ticklers of his Hide, That gall'd him so from Side to Side,

bill regulation is talk

For 'tis believ'd by some wise Men,
That could the slaving Drudge have seen
His cruel Master so prepar'd,
His faithful Service to reward,
It might have made the Beast consider
Which way to 've broke the Neck of 's Rider.

Upon his Loyns a Leathern Zone, Above his Coat was girted on. Made, I suppose, of Bufflers Hide, And was at least four Inches wide, That from its Breadth, a Man may rather Say he was hoop'd about with Leather. This Belt, for fo it was indeed, In Fight, would prove of wond'rous Stead, For Arfe and Paunch were almost quite Secur'd in trufty Armour by 't; For 'twas fo thick, that Point of Sword' Might fooner penetrate a Board, Than by a Cut or Thrust divide The Context of the stubborn Hide.

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The Edges were with Silver lac'd, Like Belt about Life-guard-man's Wafte, Which made him look, about the Crupper, As fine as any new-cloath'd Trooper. In this Bellonian Girdle, hung A Scymeter both broad and long, Such as are us'd by Turkish Soldiers To cleave their Foes from Head to Shoulders. The rugged Handle of his Weapon, Made to carve Man, as Knife a Capon, Did once adorn the armed Brows Of Buck or Stag, which Hunters rouze, And by the Help of Dogs and Rabble, Pursue them to their very Table. The Guard was made of shining Metal, Not Brass, like Gammer Gurton's Kettle, But such as greedy Misers hoard, The very same that, in a Word, Makes the Clown reverence the Lord;

The Cause of all our mighty Pother, That stirs up Brother against Brother, . And makes Mankind hate one another; The Bait that does the Wife enflave, And makes the wav'ring Fool turn Knave; The Toy that bears, by artful Means, The Images of Kings and Queens. With this fame Metal was his Sword Adorn'd, becoming of a Lord. That his stern Ignorance and Pride Might be the better fortify'd, Beneath his Nose, in mighty State, A Brace of mortal Engines fate, Such dreadful Pot-guns of Correction, That threaten'd nothing but Destruction. The Handles peeping out their Cases, Stood pointing up to his Grimaces, That had fome pregnant Dame came by,

And on his Worship cast an Eye,

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It might, in Mischief to her Marriage, Have cost her a fevere Miscarriage. His Housings were in ample manner Embroider'd, like a Prince's Banner, And fring'd as rich, I dare be fure, As any Gen'ral's Furniture: But that which most his Pride disgrac'd, Its Beauty was by Age defac'd; But fince a Soldier, maim'd in Wars, Is honour'd by his Wounds and Scars, And tatter'd Flags in Battel rent, Bring Glory to a Regiment, Who, among all the gazing Crew, Could know, by fuch a transcient View, But that his old decrepit Pad, With all the Trappings of the Jade, Had both their Youth and Beauty lost In some Man-killing War-like Post, To th' Honour of the doubty Knight, That now fate mounted fuch a Height,

As well as to his prancing Slave,

That thro' the Danger bore the Knave.

In this Array this Mortal Wight,

Thus arm'd, as if prepar'd to fight,

Spurr'd on his Steed from Place to Place.

Who crawl'd about an Ass's Pace,

And look'd, from his Camelian Feeding,

As if he 'ad chiefly had his Breeding

Beneath some Scavenger o'th' Town,

To hawl his Dust-Cart up and down;

Or else, that he had took much Pains

In dragging Tom T—d's Caravans.

About the Hill this flaming Hero,
With Countenance as fierce as Nero,
Saunter'd, as if, in all his Pride,
He 'ad nothing else to do, but ride
In vain, to give his Horse new Breath
An Hour or two before his Death;
For all the Idle gazing Throng,
That saw the Dogs-Meat crawl along,

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Reliev'd he could not waking creep So flow, but that he walk'd in's Sleep; A Pack-horse Pace to his compar'd, Would have been riding very hard; A Dyal's Hand, I dare to fay, Would almost steal as fast away; For none but a difcerning Eye, At Bow-shot Distance, could discry Whether he mov'd along the Hill, Or that the dull Machine stood still. I wrack'd my Thoughts, but could not guess. Either by's Pad-Nag, or his Drefs, What Bus'ness could prevail upon A Hero, arm'd with Sword and Gun, Whose torvid Aspect made him show so Like some revengeful Furioso, Struting about on hide-bound Strammel, Mounted like Turk upon a Camel. Sometimes I could not but suppose Some new Don Quixot was arose,

And hither came, with armed Force,
Mounted upon his hide-bound Horse,
T' exert his Courage, Skill, and Pow'r,
For Honours Sake, against the Tow'r,
As Brother Hero, to his Glory,
Attack'd the Wind-mill in a Fury.

These Thoughts soon took their Farewel on me, They prov'd too light to gain upon me. Then musing, I was apt to dread He had worse Mischief in his Head. And that he was fome angry Beau, Or wrangling, fighting Bontefen, Who hither came in a Bravado, To meet some Brother Desperado, Arm'd on his Dromedarian Brute, In order nicely to dispute, After a noble, war-like manner, Some windy Point of squeamish Honour. My Brain thus fill'd with various Notions, I watch'd the Hero's further Motions,

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Hoping before the Scene was over, I should, to my Content, discover What wond'rous Bus'ness brought to light So'ncommon a fantaftick Sight; At last I saw a grinning Looby, Come mounted on a She Scotch Hobby, Whose humble Size did not surpass The lowly Stature of an Ass: Close to her Neck her Ears she laid, Like an ill-bred unlucky Tade, That when fhe's handled, has the Trick To give a Horse-Buss, or a Kick. Tis a rude way ungainly Tits Make use of, to exert their Wits; For rufty Scrubs, like us that write, Can't jest, but they must spurn or bite. Her haughty Tail, that graceful Stump, Stood cock'd upright above her Rump, As if the Filly took a Pride T' expose what Tails were made to hide.

Her Fetlocks were fo ruff and shagg'd, Her long-hair'd Belly fo bedagg'd, And her Bears Arfe with Dung fo tagg'd, That from her Buttocks to the Ground, Great Signs of good Luck might be found, For all the Way (I'm well affur'd) She forward went, the backward fcowr'd, From whence, I will be bold to fay, Her Food was Grais, or Grains, not Hay, Which made her Back-fide so profuse, And her lank Buttocks hang fo loofe, That her Arfe trembl'd, when she run, Like quaggy Earth, when trod upon. The Bridle of this Highland Beaft, Seem'd aged feven Years at least, For here and there 'twas ty'd together With Coblers Ends, and Thongs of Leather, And I believe the very same, In which she out of Scotland came,

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Because, as I have heard some fay, Their Hobbies Bridles in the Day, Are made alone for Use, not Sight, And ferve for Halters in the Night; That is, good Husbandry excites The Highland Scotch t' inure their Tits To Hempen Reins, that have no Bits; Which shews their Runts, as well as they That ride 'em, scorn to run away. Her ancient Saddle, I aver it, Was better fed, than fhe that wore it; For I could fee, thro' its Decay, The Seat was stuff'd with good old Hay, Which started thro' each Hole and Rent, Where mould'ring Age had giv'n it Vent, Like stuffing of a Leathern Chair, When worn by lazy Buttocks bare. The Pony seeming such a Stranger, By her lean Sides, to Wrack and Manger, Could (if she 'ad had her Will) have eat
The Saddle Stuffing for a Bait,
For Scotland, by her wretched Case,
Seem'd still to be her Feeding-place.
So hungry Rats will knaw their Way
Thro' Cubboard Side, to gain their Prey,
And their devouring Gullets please
With mouldy Scraps of Bread and Cheese.

The Sanca Panca, that had mounted
This Tit, by Feed and Nature stunted,
A painted gawdy Jacket wore,
That all the Rainbow-Colours bore.
Thought I, this party-colour'd Owl
Must be some riding Doctor's Fool;
That is, his Herauld, hither come
From all the Parts of Christendom,
In's Coat of Honour, to proclaim
His Master's universal Fame;
And he that has been ranging thus
On yonder old Bucephalus,

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Must be the Doctor, as I take it, press'd up in all this Pomp, to Quack it, With some strange never-failing Packet. I gaz'd a while, t'observe their Meeting, And view'd the Manner of their Greeting, Which was perform'd with great Decorum, In fight of all that stood before 'em. The merry Fool, with great Submission, Bow'd to the grave Fool, the Physician, Who made no Conge in return, But look'd on t'other Fool with Scorn, Just as Great Nobles do at Court, Upon the leffer humble Sort, Who cringe and creep to those above 'em, Not 'cause they're wise, or that they love 'em; But fancy'ng Titles folid Things, Bow to the windy Breath of Kings: But if you'd know the Reason of it, These flatt'ring Nods are all for Profit.

So one Fool makes himself a Scoff;
To set the Fool his Master off,
As Andrew clowns it to the Doctor,
Because he proves his Benefactor.

When Quack and Zany thus were met, The gorgious Emprick feem'd to fret, Both looking round the spacious Hill, As if they wanted fomething still. At last a Negro Devil came On a dun Kefield, blind and lame, Riding Post Haste, with Spur and Whip, Fast as the founder'd Drudge could creep, Laden before him with a Wallet Of - no Man e'er knew what to call it; Promiscuous Sweeps of Druggists Shops, Made into Plaisters, Pills, and Slops, All mix'd, as you'll hereafter fee, Up with Infallibility: Tho' could the World but at one View Foresee the Evils they would do,

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They'd fay with me, (a Murrain rot 'em)
That 'twas the Dev'l indeed that brought 'em,
And that this Bag of damn'd Expedients,
Compounded of unknown Ingredients,
Brought from all Climates of the World,
Confus'dly thus together hurl'd,
Contain'd more Curfes, Plagues, and Poxes,
Than fifty of Pandora's Boxes.

FINIS.

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